Heritage and Destiny

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BANKRUPT!

Nick Griffin's Champagne Goes Flat

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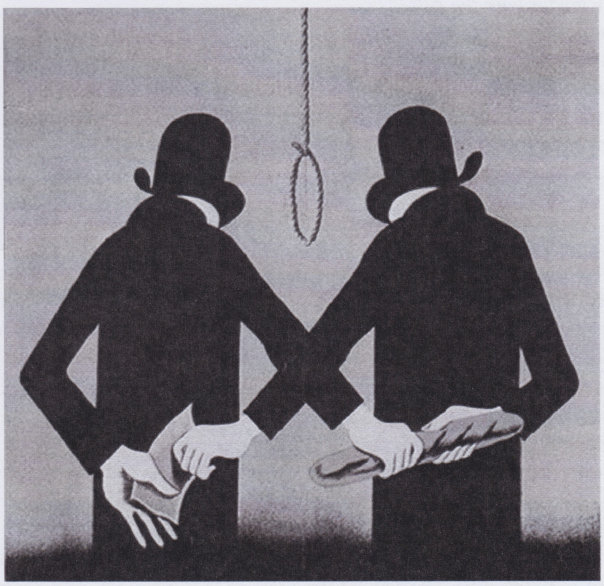

and

Peter Rushton reviews *Black Market Britain*

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Editorial

Welcome to issue 59 of *Heritage and Destiny.* After Griffin's BNP got completely hammered by UKIP in the recent Wythenshawe & Sale by-election (see Movement News page 22) I had a quick look at the BNP website to see how they would explain away yet another disaster to the loyal – but dwindling – party faithful. Strangely, there was a long article (probably written by Griffin himself) explaining to former UKIP members wanting to defect to the BNP (yes, I kid you not!) what the main differences between the two parties are/were. Let me quote the leader:

"The BNP is making a big point at present of holding out the hand of friendship to the many UKIP members and activists who are being purged by Nigel Farage as 'Walter Mittys' (his term for people who question him in any way) or 'extremists'. That, of course, is his word for genuine nationalists who believe that saving the British people as a distinct ethnic group from mass immigration and miscegenation, is as important as saving the British state from submergence in a federal Europe.

"But while we welcome genuine patriots as political refugees from the Farage regime, it is vital from the start that they understand that the BNP is ***not*** *UKIP with a different label. There are very big differences between our two parties, because in many ways UKIP is simply a splinter from the patriotic but essentially non-ideological Conservative right, while the BNP has a coherent nationalist ideology.*

"Of course, the BNP shares their opposition to the EU and burning desire to set Britain free from the creeping tyranny of Brussels. Likewise, we have a great deal in common when the BNP stands foursquare for traditional Christian values such as opposition to the militant homosexual war on the family and subversion of marriage – a position that we know most Ukipers hold too, despite the liberal and libertarian position adopted by Farage to curry favour with the BBC."

Where this "coherent nationalist ideology" (that Griffin claims the BNP has) is to be found is anybody's guess. However, my guess would be it was dumped around 2001-2, to be replaced by a populist non-ideological platform, very similar to that "patriotic but essentially non-ideological Conservative right" one that he accuses UKIP of having.

Dr. Pierce (*left*) – with *H&D's* editor at Hillsboro, West Virginia in 1993 – understood that we need only recruit the top 1%. Leave the awakening of the masses to UKIP.

The problem for Griffin's BNP is that since it changed from being a "racial-nationalist" party to a "civic nationalist" party, making itself so much like UKIP – now voters get the choice, they vote for the real thing (i.e. UKIP) over the phoney (i.e. BNP).

When Griffin decided to let black Africans and West Indians – which for a while made up the majority of activists in London – into the BNP, the party was over. When Griffin decided to let open homosexuals into the BNP – and even make some of them organisers – the party was over. When Griffin decided to let non-white Sikhs (including their star writer), Hindus and Muslims into the BNP, the party was over. And when Griffin got his loyal but very gullible members to distribute leaflets attacking nationalists in rival political parties and groups – in the name of the BNP – the party was well and truly finished.

Yes Nationalists do need a coherent ideology, and one that Joe Public can easily recognize and so be able to tell the difference – at a glance – between ourselves and the civic nationalists of UKIP, English Democrats, EDL etc. Whether they agree with us right now does not matter, because they will in the future if we hold steady while everything around us collapses.

Basing our programme – a nationalist manifesto if you must – on an awakening of the White masses is just not going to work. In America they would call this a "no-no" for starters: one grounded on a false vision, and a very wrong understanding of the nature of White people.

An American racial-nationalist called Dr. William Pierce, of whom many of you will have heard of and hopefully read, realized this a long time ago. Dr Pierce knew that we must recruit the best one per cent of the population first. And then and only then, once we have build up an infrastructure, which we can defend from both outside and within, we move on to the next stage.

Sadly Dr. Pierce failed, and everything that he built up was destroyed - by Griffin's American counterpart Eric Gliebe. We must make sure we don't fail.

If you are an active Nationalist why not buy some extra copies of this issue to give out (or sell them!) at your next branch meeting – it's another great issue and should 'sell like hot cakes'! And as always we also need your regular donations – however large or small, every Dollar, Pound or even Euro counts. Please try and send in whatever you can afford. Thanks once again for your support, together we will win.

Heritage and Destiny

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Griffin bankrupted for the second time

You read it here first! As E. N. Ronn foresaw (*H&D* 46), the BNP's chairman for life, "the once and future bankrupt", Nick Griffin, has indeed gone bankrupt for a second time by order of the Welshpool County Court made on 2nd January 2014. Happy new year, Nick! It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

We'll look at the implications of Griffin's bankruptcy for his family business, sorry, "political party" in a while, but first a quick canter through the party's most recent filed accounts.

First, the central accounts, ostensibly prepared by Clive "the Pillow Man" Aitken, alias Clive Jefferson, sometime thuggish operative of the pharmaceutical distribution industry around low clubs and bars, and now the party's national treasurer, at least in name. It is however frankly incredible that the stupid old crim has really prepared the accounts to the much improved standard now attained. No doubt he is fronting for someone more technically proficient who is unwilling to be publicly associated with the BNP.

BNP treasurer Clive Jefferson (*left*) with his party chairman Nick Griffin in happier times, on polling day at the 2009 European elections. Jefferson and Griffin are now focused more on trawling for financial donations and legacies as they face humiliating defeat both at the ballot box and in the courts.

Credit where credit is due. The BNP's 2012 accounts were actually filed on time, with a clean audit certificate, the second year in a row that the party managed these feats. They also show a significant surplus of income over expenditure, again for the second year in a row.

What is more (don't say that E. N. Ronn only carps!) the accounts are presented in a clear fashion that is easy to understand, at any rate for the trained eye, with generally helpful notes. There are a couple of exceptions in the form of less satisfactory notes, but overall the accounts make much more sense than they used to do.

While total income is fairly static, showing a very small decline (2012: £646,843, 2011: £648,980), overall expenditure has slightly increased from £434,507 in 2011 to £462,450 in 2012. Still, a substantial surplus has been achieved (£184,393 in 2012, slightly down on the previous year's £214,473, but on any view a good result).

The devil as always is in the detail. Membership dues have plunged to only £147,307 (down from £227,813 in 2011) consistently with the sharp fall in membership (4,872, down from 7,651 in 2011). This figure is in free fall, and we may confidently expect a further significant decline in membership when the accounts for 2013 are published.

The really interesting figures are for donations. General donations are also sharply down from £251,539 in 2011 to £168,605 in 2012, but legacy income has gone up from only £47,737 in 2011 to a whopping £259,537 in 2012. The party centre has managed to repay the large sum of £64,066 taken from its branches with legacy money. Truly, the BNP is a dead party funded by dead people.

The party's commercial activities are not exactly a success. The costs associated with those activities went up from £62,086 in 2011 to £137,715 in 2012, of which printing is the largest single expense at £70,215 with postage and delivery a close second at £61,469, but income plummeted from £33,938 to £21,277, leaving a huge loss of £116,438.

Unhelpfully, the notes to the accounts do not give much information about what the income might be, which is one of my few major criticisms of the layout, but presumably sales of the party's only remaining publication, *Voice of Griffin*, sorry, *Voice of Freedom*, are a large part of the income.

It seems that *VoF* is largely given away, since income from sales is only a small part of the costs of production. In fairness the use of a party paper as a giant leaflet in election campaigns is a legitimate tactic, if that is what is happening, but we aren't told. If it is, E. N. Ronn would have thought that an element of the cost of printing *VoF* should be charged as part of campaign expenditure, but it isn't, at least, not on the face of the accounts.

Staff costs are almost unchanged at £115,679 (2011: £115,206). Management and administration costs for 2012 come to the high and increasing figure of £144,125, up from £98,380 in 2011. The bulk of this figure is a miscellaneous charge of £74,044 (detail, please!) and rather high travel and entertainment costs of £34,809. Someone is having a high old time in the bar of the *Titanic*! Somewhat amusingly for a party whose chairman loves to rail at "banksters", the BNP increased their profits by paying £10,646 in bank charges despite its improved overall result, which suggests that it has an expensive overdraft habit. "Banksters" love customers who run chronic overdrafts.

The party centre never spends much money on campaigning, only £75,503 in 2012, admittedly better than the paltry £38,830 in 2011. To put this item in context, it represents a mere 16% of the party's expenditure in 2012, compared to 31% on administration and 25% on wages, though even 16% is an improvement on historic figures.

Remember that the party chairman employs several of the staff as assistants on his MEP's establishment, so that there is a large, hidden subsidy for staff wages. Assuming, as seems very likely, that Griffin is not re-elected in May, further redundancies are inevitable, though not, one assumes, of "first family" members. It won't be pretty, but it will remain the Griffin family business, at any rate, til the receiver goes in, but more on that subject anon.

Despite the surpluses achieved in 2011 and 2012, the balance sheet reveals a state of profound insolvency. Liabilities exceed assets by £356,383, and there are few current assets. The paltry total comes to £19,782, of which £10,298 are debtors (admittedly well down from £28,277 in 2011), while only £9,486 is cash. Fixed assets, presumably office equipment and motor vehicles, come to £42,852.

The liabilities include accounts payable (suppliers who had rendered bills but whom the party had not paid by the year end) of £112,133 and accruals (expenses that were incurred in the year ending 31st December 2012, but in respect of which no bill had yet been rendered at the year end) of £78,458. It is surprising that there are any tradesmen left willing to extend credit. Large sums are also owed for PAYE and VAT, totalling £59,827.

Much too optimistic a view (looking at things from Griffin's perspective for a moment) is taken in note 6 at page 26 of the likely liability for the costs of the so-called Decembrists, Kenny and Nicholla Smith, Steve Blake and Ian Dawson, whom Griffin wrongfully expelled from the party all those years ago in 2007, then sued, only to concede the case just before trial. £45,000 has been paid on account of those costs, a further £22,500 was ordered (as against a lowball offer of £5,000 from Griffin and Darby) on 7th January 2014, and the final assessment of the Decembrists' bill is now listed for 21st March 2014.

A few more legacies would surely come in handy. Personally, I'd feel very nervous if I'd answered one of the Pillow Man's e-mails begging members to leave the party money in their wills. I would strongly advise recipients against drinking any strangely flavoured herbal tea received in an envelope with a Wigton postmark!

Turning now briefly to the regional accounts prepared by James Mole, income is down marginally at £67,900 (2011: £68,838) but expenditure is down steeply to £76,695 (2011: £101,827), partly through much reduced purchases of *VoF*, so that the overall deficit in the regional accounting unit is down from £32,989 in 2011 to only £9,596 in 2012. Commendably, £39,920 of expenditure went on campaigning (59%, compared to 60% in 2011: the small change is statistically insignificant). As has already been noted, the large debt which the central accounting unit owed for many years to the regional accounting unit has been repaid out of legacy income. All in all, then, nothing untoward to report in the RAU's accounts.

Nicholla and Kenny Smith, former BNP officials whom Nick Griffin unwisely attempted to persecute through the courts: their comprehensive victory over their former leader has been the major factor in pushing him into bankruptcy after he failed to pay his own legal bills.

What, then, are the implications of Mr G's high profile bankruptcy for the party? Griffin has confidently asserted that party funds cannot be attached to answer for his debts, but that is only true so far as his private debts are concerned. Debts incurred in performance of his duties as party chairman are quite another matter. The debt owed to the party's former solicitors is obviously such a debt.

Paragraph 6.22 of the most recent known edition of the party's constitution dated 15th July 2011 (which has mysteriously vanished from the party's web site, but is in the hands of many of Mr G's critics within and without the movement) provides that the chairman is entitled to be indemnified out of party funds against all costs that he incurs "in the execution of or arising out of or in connection with his or her duties or the exercise of his or her powers". That paragraph does no more than express what the law implies in any event.

On bankruptcy, all the bankrupt's assets and property of whatever kind vest in his trustee in bankruptcy. Those assets certainly include the contractual right of indemnity under para. 6.22.

The trustee can apply to the court to give effect to the contractual right of indemnity by, for example, appointing a receiver of the party's assets, which mean not only vehicles, office equipment &c., but also monies standing to the credit of its bank accounts, and of accounts (such as the Trafalgar Club's account) held on its behalf. The receiver then becomes entitled to possession of those assets, to which banks, for example, will give effect by paying over the contents of the party's accounts to the receiver.

Woe betide any officer foolish enough to try to conceal assets! He or she will be made personally liable to restore them, or pay the trustee their value out of his or her own resources.

Griffin's assertion that the BNP itself cannot be made bankrupt is on one view true, since strictly speaking, only an individual can be made bankrupt, but it is no more than semantic hair-splitting. The High Court has an inherent power to wind up an unincorporated association; see *Re Lead Company's Workmen's Fund Society [1904] 2 Ch. 196 and Blake v. Smither* (1906) 22 TLR 698.

The making of a winding up order or indeed the mere appointment of a receiver would effectively bring the BNP's activity as a political party to an end, as it would lose control of its tangible assets (such as they are) and its bank accounts, and cease to be able to function.

Griffin's notorious reverse Midas touch has now led to two personal bankruptcies, and the wrecking of two nationalist parties. E. N. Ronn doesn't believe that Griffin is working for the state. It's much worse than that. Griffin does it because there is something wrong with him. In the immortal words of Steve Edwards of Tipton: "him am mad!" He really is too. The state does not need to pay him to do more harm to the movement than any agent could ever do, he does it all without any prompting from the state and at the mug members' expense.

The potential liability of those members in present circumstances is less than clear. The suggestion advanced by Britain First's Paul Golding that all the members of an unincorporated association are liable for its debts seems to run counter to the views of the Court of Appeal in *Bradley Egg Farm Ltd v. Clifford & Others* [1943] 2 All E. R. 378, but in that case the unincorporated association was solvent. BNP members should not sleep too easy in their beds, in case the trustee in bankruptcy does decide to test the position in the courts. Watch this space.

It's also worth having a quick look at the accounts of four other nationalist or quasi-nationalist parties for 2012. We needn't spend much time on Britain First or the British Democratic Party, for the good reason that in each case, the only transaction in 2012 was the payment of the annual maintenance fee of £25!

National Front treasurer Nick Walsh has done a workmanlike job, with simple accounts showing income of £13,946, derived from membership dues of £5,434, donations of £6,110, sales of its publications and merchandise making up the balancing figure of £2,401.

Most of this small party's outgoing were on printing, postage etc. Oddly, no expenditure is specifically attributed to campaigning in elections, but presumably part of the printing bill went on election literature. The party is solvent, with a carried forward balance of £6,049 odd. Whether this happy state of affairs will survive the latest round of internal feuding, presently headed for

In stark contrast to the BNP, which now exists largely to subsidise its chairman, the English Democrats are heavily subsidised *by* their chairman, Essex solicitor Robin Tilbrook (*above*). Nick Griffin's accountant father Edgar, shown below (*centre*) being honoured by fellow Freemasons as the "longest serving brother of grand rank", must despair at his son's lack of financial acumen.

a very expensive clash in the courts, must however be open to serious question.

The English Democrats however are very far from solvent. Their accounts are moreover presented in a singularly unhelpful way: income in 2012 was £83,356, up from £60,558 in 2011, not broken down between membership dues and donations.

The uncharitable might surmise that the failure to break down the figure of £83,356 into membership dues and donations is deliberate, and intended to draw a discreet veil over how far the party's chairman, Essex solicitor Robin Tilbrook, subsidises the party, which is precariously dependent on one man's generosity.

The party spent £9,000 on election deposits and £19,399 on printing, again, one supposes (but isn't told) probably of election literature, as a hefty additional sum of £22,844 went on enquiries and member communications.

The Eng Dems are running a very expensive web site at £6,209, and one wonders what they get in return.

The really shocking figures are however in the balance sheet, which shows assets of £1,064 and liabilities of £217,065, mainly (it is believed, though we are not told) owed to Messrs Tilbrook and Uncles, to whom the party is in hock up to its neck.

That probably doesn't much matter, since UKIP is now so clearly the only civic nationalist show in town that the Eng Dems have little obvious purpose, and will have even less if Scotland obliges them by voting for independence, so taking away the Eng Dems' favourite grouse (and it's not the Famous Grouse!).

Just for the record, however, no-one should be under any illusions about the Eng Dems. They may theoretically have a democratic structure, but in practice, they can never change leadership without paying off debts of £217,065, which isn't going to happen.

E. N. Ronn, Kensington, London

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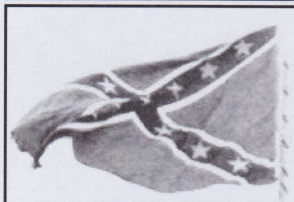

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Ronnie Biggs: Mosleyite Train Robber (1929 - 2013)

Ronald Arthur Biggs was born in the Stockwell area of Lambeth, in south London, on 8th August 1929. Back then the borough was almost exclusively white: now you can travel for miles around south London without seeing a white face! As a child during World War II he was evacuated out of London, first to Bedfordshire and later on to Cornwall.

In 1947 aged eighteen Biggs was called up to do his national service in the RAF. However life in Her Majesty's Forces did not really suit him and two years later he was dishonourably discharged, after being charged with desertion (he broke into a chemist's shop, while he was meant to have been on guard duty).

Back in civvy street, he turned to petty crime, and less than a month after leaving military prison, he was inside a civilian prison, after being caught stealing a car. Soon after being released Biggs was at it again and was arrested after a failed robbery of a bookmaker's, near his boyhood home in Lambeth. During his subsequent time in HM Prison Wandsworth he was to meet Bruce Reynolds – the brains behind "the Great Train Robbery."

On his release from prison Biggs went straight for a while and trained as a carpenter. In February 1960, when he was thirty, he married Charmian Powell (née Brent) in Swanage, Dorset with whom he went on to have three sons.

During this period in the early 1960s Biggs started to take an interest in politics. He like many South Londoners was horrified to see his old manor being taken over by black immigrants, mainly from the West Indies. He attended a number of open air meetings and demonstrations organized by Sir Oswald Mosley's Union Movement (UM). At one such meeting in Deptford, Biggs helped defend the platform when the UM speakers came under attack from a large communist mob. Although only a small man, he gave as good as he got and floored a number of commies!

Biggs (*centre*) hanging out with a group of C18/Chelsea Headhunters, outside a local 'nick' on the famous Avenida Atlantica, Rio de Janeiro, 1997

Although a keen supporter of Mosley's "Keep Britain White" policy, Biggs never officially joined the UM, and the lure back to crime and easy money was greater than his political convictions. He needed money for a deposit on a house for his new family, much more than his carpentry job paid. So he approached Bruce Reynolds, who offered him a place on the proposed train robbery.

Biggs was tasked by Reynolds to find a suitable engine driver to move the train forwards to the unloading point, and he recommended a friend and former train driver Stan Agate, known on the gang as "Pop" due to his age.

On the night of the robbery – 8th August 1963, his 34th birthday – Biggs was a passenger in the stand-by getaway car, and only saw the stolen money once the gang returned to their hide out, Leatherslade Farm.

Having unloaded 120 of the 128 mailbags from the train within Reynolds' allotted timetable, and returned to their hideout at Leatherslade Farm, various sources show that the robbery yielded the participants £2.6 million: Biggs's share was £147,000 (around £2 million in today's money). With their timetable brought forward due to the enclosing police investigation, he returned home on the following Friday with his stash in two canvas bags. After an accomplice failed to burn down Leatherslade Farm as agreed to clean it for evidence, Biggs's fingerprints were subsequently found by the Metropolitan Police investigation team on a ketchup bottle. Three weeks later, he was arrested along with eleven other members of the gang in South London. In 1964, nine of the gang including Biggs were jailed for the crime; most received sentences of thirty years.

Biggs served fifteen months before escaping from Wandsworth Prison on July 8th 1965, scaling the wall with a rope ladder and dropping onto a waiting removal van. He fled to Brussels by boat then sent a note to his wife to join him in Paris where he had acquired new identity papers and was undergoing plastic surgery.

In 1966, Biggs took a British Overseas Airways Corporation flight to Sydney, Australia where he lived for several months before moving to the seaside town of Glenelg near Adelaide, very close to where I stayed in November last year. He loved his new life in Australia although, by the time his family arrived in 1966, all but £7,000 of his £143,000 share of the haul had been spent: £40,000 on plastic surgery in Paris; £55,000 paid as a package deal to get him out of the UK to Australia; the rest on legal fees and expenses.

In 1967, just after their third child was born, Biggs received an anonymous letter from Britain telling him that Interpol suspected that he was in Australia and that he should move. So in May 1967, the family moved to Melbourne where he rented a house in the suburb of Blackburn North while his wife Charmian and their three sons lived in Doncaster East. He had a number of jobs in Melbourne before undertaking set construction work at the Channel 9 TV studios.

In October 1969, a report by a Reuters correspondent revealed that Biggs was living in Melbourne and claimed that police were closing in on him. The story led the 6 o'clock news at Channel 9 and Biggs fled his home, staying with friends in the outer eastern suburbs of Melbourne. Five months later, he fled on a passenger liner from the Port of Melbourne, using the altered passport of a friend; his wife and sons remained in Australia. Twenty days later, the ship berthed in Panama and within two weeks Biggs had flown to Brazil, which did not have an extradition treaty with the UK.

Following disclosure of his fathering a child in Brazil, Charmian agreed to divorce Biggs in 1974, which was completed in 1976. Allowed by authorities to remain in Australia, she reverted to her maiden name of Brent and sold her story for £40,000 to an Australian media group, to enable her to purchase the rented house that the family had lived in at the time of Biggs's flight to Brazil. She later undertook a degree and became an editor, publisher and journalist. Her sons, who later visited Biggs a few times in Brazil, live anonymously. In 2012 she acted as a consultant on the five-part ITV drama *Mrs Biggs* – in which she was played by actress Sheridan Smith – which recounts the couple's time from first meeting to Biggs's early years in Brazil.

In 1974, *Daily Express* reporter Colin MacKenzie received information suggesting that Biggs was in Rio de Janeiro; a team consisting of MacKenzie, photographer Bill Lovelace and reporter Michael O'Flaherty confirmed this and broke the story. Scotland Yard detective Jack Slipper arrived soon afterwards, but Biggs could not be extradited because his girlfriend, Raimunda de Castro, was pregnant. Brazilian law at the time did not allow a parent of a Brazilian child to be extradited.

In April 1977 Biggs attended a cocktail party on board the Royal Navy frigate *Danae*, which was in Rio for a courtesy visit, but he was not arrested. Though in Brazil he was safe from extradition, Biggs's status as a known felon meant he could not work, visit most sea front bars or be away from home after 10 pm. To provide an income, Biggs's family hosted barbecues at his home in Rio, where tourists could meet Biggs and hear him recount his involvement in the robbery, which, in fact, was minor. Biggs was even visited by former footballer Stanley Matthews, whom Biggs afterwards invited to his apartment after hearing that he was in Rio.

Matthews, an England legend, recounted the visit: "We had tea on the small balcony at the rear of his home, and one of the first things he asked was, 'How are Charlton Athletic doing?' It turned out he had supported Charlton from being a small boy and had seen me play at The Valley for Blackpool and Stoke City." Around this time, "Ronnie Biggs" mugs, coffee cups and T-shirts also appeared on sale throughout Rio.

Biggs recorded vocals on two songs for *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*, Julien Temple's movie about the Sex Pistols. The basic tracks for "No One is Innocent" (a.k.a. "The Biggest Blow (A Punk Prayer)"/"Cosh The Driver") and "Belsen Was a Gas" were recorded with guitarist Steve Jones and drummer Paul Cook at a studio in Brazil shortly after the Sex Pistols' final performance, with overdubs added in an English studio at a later date. "No One is Innocent" was released as a single in the UK on 30th June 1978 and reached number seven in the UK Singles Chart. The sleeve showed a British actor dressed as Martin Bormann playing bass with the group!

In April 1981, Biggs was kidnapped by a gang of British ex-soldiers. The boat they took him aboard suffered mechanical problems off Barbados, and the stranded kidnappers and Biggs were rescued by the coastguard and towed into port in Barbados. The kidnappers hoped to collect a reward from the British police: however, like Brazil, Barbados had no extradition treaty with the UK and Biggs was sent back to Brazil. In February 2006, Channel 4 aired a documentary featuring dramatisations of the attempted kidnapping and interviews with John Miller, the ex-British Army soldier who carried it out. The team was headed by security consultant Patrick King. In the documentary, King claimed that the kidnapping may have been a "deniable operation". The ITN reporter Desmond Hamill paid to accompany Biggs on the private Learjet returning him to Brazil, and secured an exclusive interview as well as convincing Biggs to kiss the tarmac upon landing at Rio!

Biggs on his way to court - September 10th 1963.

In 1997 the UK and Brazil ratified an extradition treaty. Two months later, the UK Government made a formal request to the Brazilian government for Biggs's extradition. Biggs had stated that he would no longer oppose extradition. English lawyer Nigel Sangster QC travelled to Brazil to advise Biggs. The extradition request was rejected by the Brazilian Supreme Court, giving Biggs the right to live in Brazil for the rest of his life.

Throughout the 1990s, Biggs met up with a number of British nationalists holidaying in Rio, including a group of C18/Chelsea Headhunters in 1997 – even though he was a diehard Charlton Athletic fan!

In 2001 Biggs announced to *The Sun* newspaper that he would be willing to return to the UK. Having twenty eight years of his sentence left to serve, Biggs was aware that he would be detained upon arrival in Britain. His trip back to Britain on a private jet was paid for by *The Sun*, which reportedly paid his son Michael Biggs £20,000 plus other expenses in return for exclusive rights to the news story. Biggs arrived on 7th May 2001, whereupon he was immediately arrested and re-imprisoned.

His son said in a press release that, contrary to some press reports, his father did not return to the UK simply to receive better (NHS) health care which was unavailable in Brazil, but that it was his desire to "walk into a Margate pub as an Englishman and buy a pint of bitter."

On 14th November 2001, Biggs petitioned Governor Hynd of HMP Belmarsh for early release on compassionate grounds based on his poor health. He had been treated four times at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Woolwich in less than six months. His health was deteriorating rapidly and he asked to be released into the care of his son for his remaining days. The application was denied.

On 4th July 2007, Biggs was moved from Belmarsh Prison to Norwich Prison on compassionate grounds. In December 2007, Biggs issued a further appeal, from Norwich Prison, asking to be released from jail to die with his family: "I am an old man and often wonder if I truly deserve the extent of my punishment. I have accepted it and only want freedom to die with my family and not in jail. I hope Mr. Straw decides to allow me to do that. I have been in jail for a long time and I want to die a free man. I am sorry for what happened. It has not been an easy ride over the years. Even in Brazil I was a prisoner of my own making. There is no honour to being known as a Great Train Robber. My life has been wasted."

In January 2009, after a series of strokes that were said to have rendered him unable to speak or walk, it was claimed in the press that Biggs was to be released in August 2009 and would die a "free man". His son had also claimed that the Parole Board might bring the release date forward to July 2009. On 13 February 2009, it was reported that Biggs had been taken to hospital from his cell at Norwich Prison, suffering from pneumonia. This was confirmed the following day by Michael, who said Biggs had serious pneumonia but was stable. News of his condition prompted fresh calls from Michael for his release on compassionate grounds.

On 23th April the Parole Board recommended that Biggs be released on 4th July having served a third of his thirty-year sentence. However, on 1st July Jack Straw, the New Labour (Jewish) Home Secretary did not accept the Parole Board's recommendation and refused parole, stating that Biggs was "wholly unrepentant". On 28th July 2009, Biggs was readmitted to Norfolk and Norwich University Hospital with pneumonia. He had been admitted to the same hospital a month earlier with a chest infection and a fractured hip but returned to prison on 17th July 2009. His son Michael said, in one of his frequent news releases: "It's the worst he's ever been. The doctors have just told me to rush there."

On 30th July 2009, it was claimed by representatives of Biggs that he had been given "permission" to challenge the decision to refuse him parole. However, the Home Office stated only that an application for the early release on compassionate grounds of a prisoner at HMP Norwich had been received by the public protection casework section in the National Offender Management Service. Biggs was released from custody on 6th August, two days before his 80th birthday, on "compassionate grounds".

Following his release from prison, Biggs's health improved, leading to suggestions that he might soon be moved from hospital to a nursing home. In response to claims that Biggs's state of health had been faked, his lawyer stated, "This man is going to die, there is going to be no Lazarus coming back from the dead, he is ill, he is seriously ill." However, Biggs himself stated, "I've got a bit of living to do yet. I might even surprise them all by lasting until Christmas that would be fantastic."

On 17th November 2011, Biggs launched his new and updated autobiography, *Ronnie Biggs: Odd Man Out – The Last Straw,* at Shoreditch House, London. He was unable to speak and used a word board to communicate with the press. Two months later, ITV Studios announced it had commissioned a five-part drama, *Mrs Biggs,* to be based around the life of Biggs's wife Charmian, played by Sheridan Smith and Biggs by Daniel Mays. Charmian Biggs acted as a consultant on the series and travelled to Britain from Australia to visit Biggs in February 2012, just before filming for *Mrs Biggs.*

In March 2013, Biggs attended the funeral of Bruce Reynolds, the brains and master-mind behind the train robbery and in July, *The Great Train Robbery 50th Anniversary: 1963–2013* was published, with inputs from Biggs and Reynolds.

On 18th December 2013, aged 84, Biggs died at the Carlton Court Care Home in Barnet, north London, where he was being cared for. His death coincidentally occurred hours before the first broadcast of a two-part BBC television series *The Great Train Robbery,* in which Biggs is portrayed by actor Jack Gordon. Biggs was cremated at Golders Green Crematorium on 3rd January 2014. His coffin was covered with a Union Jack flag, the flag of Brazil, his black hat and a red and white scarf from his beloved Charlton Athletic.

Biggs was a very controversial figure, you either loved or hated him, and a number of *H&D* subscribers I know really hated him! The Great Train Robbery was Britain's most famous robbery and will go down in folklore history as such. Biggs although he played a very small part in the robbery, became the gang's most famous member. And again he will go down in folklore history as such. But what a different story it would have all been if Ronald Arthur Biggs had chosen to side with Sir Oswald Mosley instead of Bruce Reynolds in 1963.

Mark Cotterill, Preston, England.

Tales of Yorkshire Folk

Simon Sheppard relates some folk tales and contemplates the future

We are on a road, and no matter how many diversions we take or how many attempts to leave the path we make, the road leads inexorably to the future. We are all on it, even if some of us would prefer not to be. In this essay I intend to provide a sort of documentary of a tiny part of our journey, a commentary on a few places we've been, some notable characters encountered along the way and perhaps some indications of what awaits us at our destination.

The journey shall be fittingly divided into Past, Present and Future. Where people's names are used below, they are usually not their real ones. All these events occurred in Yorkshire except one, from a book, which took place in Lancashire.

Past

At the Probation Hostel in York where I was obliged to stay after being released from prison was an old man. Once as we were sitting in the 'smoking shed' outside he told me of being sent as a lad to Selby Market to buy some bullocks. He had to drive them several miles back to his father's farm, and part of the journey was beside the River Ouse. One can imagine him driving the bullocks through the town and over the Toll Bridge, having to pay for each animal. Then walking along the well-trod pathway beside the river the long journey home.

Nowadays of course the scene would be completely different. The animals would be loaded into a truck, and every stage would involve official licences and permits. There would be driver's and operator's licences for the truck for a start. Back then, none of this was necessary. In fact until 1914 British subjects had no official number, and could travel abroad without a passport or any sort of official permission. Also until 1914, sovereigns and half-sovereigns made of solid gold were freely in circulation. A sovereign, weighing 8g, was worth £1. (Today its gold content alone is worth £193.)

A schoolteacher from Market Weighton told me of a local farmer whose habit had been to drive by horse and cart to a pub a few miles away. There he would drink a skinful and regularly pass out. When this happened his drinking friends would, by long-standing routine, carry him out and load him into the back of his cart. Then one would give the horse a healthy slap on its hindquarters and it, well used to this sequence, would walk the farmer home through the deserted country lanes. This continued for several years until a policeman, hearing of it, laid in wait for him one night and had him prosecuted for being drunk in charge of a vehicle.

This reminds me of an account by John Charnley in *Blackshirts and Roses*. Back in the day he advertised a Mosley meeting in Southport by slowly riding around the town on his motorcycle with a placard firmly fixed to his back. Charnley related how he was prosecuted for 'Driving a mechanically-propelled vehicle on the King's Highway for an unlicensed purpose.' He went through the whole process of arrest and appearance at court, there being fined £1. He discovered later that the law under which he had been prosecuted did not exist.

All this took place before World War II. It was a time when life was simpler and folks' lack of artifice was not so readily exploited. People knew how to keep themselves entertained, and relationships flourished because people needed each other, even if it was only at harvest-time or to be able to borrow a cup of sugar when the local shop was closed.

Charnley reported that there were a mere two traffic laws in force at the time. Later Charnley described moving Blackshirt operations into an elegant, prestigious house on Hull's Spring Bank, an area which is now sordid for the usual reasons.

There's nowt so queer as (Yorkshire) folk. Leeds NF organiser Eddy Morrison (*far left*) - handing out nationalist leaflets at a Yorkshire Shopping centre, with Martyn Gilleard (*second left*), Gerry Robinson (*front centre*) and Tony Braithwaite (*far right*)

Present

I shall start my narrative in the present, or recently present, in 1977. George was a slightly plump bus driver who wore a moustache. He was assigned to the school-run and struck up with one of the schoolgirls, a quiet girl with jet-black hair. Their routine became that the girl would stand beside his cab and they would talk, sometimes holding hands when the route allowed. This continued for two years and, out in open view, was common knowledge to all. Soon after the girl reached 16 and left school they were married.

Sid was a colourful character who was always embarking on exploits and getting into scrapes, actually a relative of my late friend Rick. A regular feature of Sid's life was parties attended by friends who were married couples. During these parties the men would often comment to each other what a champion chap Sid was, but unknown to them he was boffing practically every one of their wives.

One of the many jobs Sid had over the years was driving a bus. One day he was instructed to deliver a steering wheel to another depot on his route, and this was his cue for another prank. As he was going down Berry Brow, a leafy, winding road and notorious accident black spot near Huddersfield, he pulled the steering wheel from beside his seat. Holding it aloft in his left hand, and purposely weaving the bus with his right, he shouted to the passengers behind "The steering wheel's come off!" By the time he reached the depot his alighted passengers had phoned ahead and he was sacked on the spot.

Sam was the lively owner of a KLR 650cc trials bike. Sometime around 1988 Sam went for a day out with his friend, who was riding pillion, to Bridlington. There the two got roaring drunk.

On the way home Sam pulled up at a set of traffic lights and somehow lost the bike, probably so drunk that he forgot to put his foot down. His pillion passenger leapt clear but Sam became trapped under the bike, not realising what was going on. He lay under the bike in a drunken stupor, with the red-hot exhaust pressed against his leg. Eventually the exhaust burnt deep into the flesh at the top of his leg.

Sam came round and the two re-mounted the motorcycle and continued home. The idea of calling an ambulance didn't occur to them, or perhaps the fact that Sam didn't have a licence had something to do with it. Eventually Sam made it to a doctor, but the recommended treatment, of months of skin grafts, was not appealing so the wound was left to heal itself.

A month later, like a wounded bird trying to fly, Sam decided that what he needed was a more powerful motorbike. He got another loan and bought a 1,000cc Suzuki monster and a good stock of his favourite drug, speed. The new bike was brought back to the house he shared, to show it off. Then he set forth for a blast. Just a few seconds later an almighty smash was heard and his housemates hurried to investigate. A few yards up the road, and within an hour of buying the bike, Sam had collided with a car driven by a girl taking a driving lesson. He had only been wearing T-shirt and jeans, with no gloves, and as he flew off the bike he had instinctively put his hands out in front of him. His hands were mincemeat, both a raw, bleeding mess of shredded skin.

Alan is a voracious drug-user. (Some might describe him as a depraved sex fiend, but that's another story.) His path as a 'power user' of drugs was forged when one day as a 12 or 13 year-old schoolboy he found himself seated behind two men in a Leeds picture house who were evidently not there to watch the film. In fact they were drug-dealers using the cinema for business purposes. One handed Alan a fistful of something, saying "Here, keep quiet."

Local Yorkshire folk catching the Keighley bus into town in the early 1960s – not too many of them would be English these days.

The 'something' turned out to be tabs of LSD. From then on Alan was in and out of children's homes and mental hospitals, and thence sprang his insatiable appetite for drugs, of any kind, in any form, at any time, if he can afford them.

Years later we find Alan working cash-in-hand for a traveller doing something involving roofs. One day he mounted a ladder, put one foot on the first rung, raised himself up and promptly fell off, although by the account it wasn't a particularly hard landing. Nonetheless, due to wearing a tool-belt and his body having been ravaged by years of drug use, the fall resulted in a broken hip.

The most unsatisfactory thing for Alan however was the fact that, not being formally employed, he couldn't claim compensation for a workplace injury. Thus Alan went off in search of a pothole of the officially mandated depth which he could "trip over" and so claim for his injury from the local council. This he proceeded to do. Unfortunately for Alan however, someone informed on him and that put paid to his hoped-for windfall.

Colin was an alcoholic and drug-user from Dewsbury and, although he held down a steady job, he binged at weekends. One weekend Colin had an argument with his intermittent girlfriend over access to his son. Drunk, he went round to his friends' house intending to sleep on their couch, as he had done many times before. Shortly the evening's entertainment began of TV, beer, cannabis and heroin. At some point during the night Colin got up and drank the contents of two bottles of methadone that were in the kitchen cupboard. When his host came downstairs the next morning he found his toddler sitting in Colin's lap, but Colin was dead. This is not the only instance known of someone's life coming to an untimely end due to the fatal combination of methadone and alcohol.

John was a loud Glaswegian who always had to have everything his own way. One year he didn't buy his children any Christmas presents. A truck driver, he had drifted in and out of various jobs before landing his perfect job as a driving instructor for the army at Leconfield. There before too long he acquired a mistress to complement the wife and two children he had at home. This of course, while not quite being the done thing, was hardly remarkable. John however was not to do things by halves. Shortly after his family awoke on Christmas morning he told his wife "I'm leaving you" and walked out to his mistress, who was waiting in a car outside.

Cathy was the mentally unstable single parent of twin boys aged 9 or 10. She was also a convert to the newly-arrived feminism and a collector of antiques. To this end she was a regular visitor to the local auction house, and a van driver from there would deliver her purchases to her home. Somehow one day a pact was reached that in lieu of payment the delivery man was to be allowed to cavort with the two boys in the back of his van. When the boys' aunt heard of this, and challenged her about it, her reply was "Well, they've got to learn about sex sometime."

Paul worked for a firm supplying animal feed. One day at work he fell into a caustic tank used to clean the containers. He was quickly fished out and rushed to hospital, followed by months of treatment for his caustic burns. Presently however Paul was back on the street, somewhat raw, but now richer by around £100,000 thanks to the compensation payout. Now off work, Paul's routine became to play the slot machines in the local railway club, then alternate to another bank in the local working men's club. Often accompanied by his wife, he would pile £1 coins on top of the machine and it seemed as if he couldn't put them in fast enough. When he won his winnings went straight back in. Eventually practically his entire compensation payout had been fed into the machines.

Paul, now broke and bored, wanted to return to work. This he did, but within a few weeks of his return he had fallen into the caustic tank again. We would be forgiven for suspecting that his second fall was intentional, though perhaps unconscious, so he could resume his slot-machine addiction, and indeed his second compensation payment went the same way. Another fruit machine addict, Donna, routinely abandoned her child to spend all her time playing the machines. Social Services asked all the local arcades to ban her, and she eventually had the child taken from her.

Two brothers in the Leeds area, Ben and Bob, formed a paternity tag-team. Ben was a conscienceless thief who went through women at an accelerated rate, chiefly because as soon as the woman fell pregnant he lost interest. This sequence had been repeated so often that it had become routine. When the pregnant woman was abandoned the younger brother Bob would move in, ostensibly to commiserate with her.

I knew one of the women, through Rick. She had had a child to each brother, and one of those, a boy, inherited the 'conscienceless thieving gene.' At one point a tally was made of Ben and Bob's achievements, and just to Rick's limited information the tag-team had fathered 17 children. Ben even succeeded in progressing to the social worker of one of his victims and knocking her up too.

Phil was a lorry driver who would surely have won a 'Tightest Person in Yorkshire' competition. He kept his change (no notes were ever seen) tightly wrapped in a handkerchief in his pocket, and he would take it out at least every half-hour to check the amount. This took place during a big pipe-laying project at Riccall near York, but Phil came from around Leeds. All the men were on good money except the tea-lad, and Phil was the only one who wouldn't tip him with change when he ran errands for pasties and the like. They would play cards at lunchtime for coppers, and Phil's extreme parsimony was demonstrated when once he withheld a single penny outstanding from the tea-lad's losses the previous day.

Then it came out, from others and privately from the man himself (for my sources are outstanding), that Phil had inherited nine farms. For his net worth a figure of £160 million was once mentioned. He admitted that he could have bought the firm he was working for and not noticed the difference.

The crowning end to Phil's tale though is the time when he slipped a disc getting out of his cab. The other drivers carried him to their cabin, and Phil was worried that with him having so much money he would have to pay if he went to hospital. So he got one of the other drivers to try and bang his slipped disc back in with a hammer. This resulted in a trapped nerve, so he ended up in hospital anyway. There Phil was pleasantly surprised to learn that he would not be charged for his treatment, but was in agony for months afterward. There's an old Yorkshire saying, "There's nowt so queer as folk."

My favourite of all these extraordinary characters however is the Diesel Weasel. Actually of didicoy stock, he is given honorary 'Volk' status here in part because of his unique persona, but chiefly by virtue of the fact that he is now safely out of the way. The Diesel Weasel's speciality, earning him his distinctive moniker, was to travel out to the surrounding countryside at night and steal diesel from farmers and parked lorries. If lucky, one could catch sight of him returning from one of his expeditions, pedalling along on his bike in the early hours with a jerry-can on the rear rack and one hanging from each handlebar.

The Diesel Weasel was 5 foot and 6 stones of raw gypsy power, and sported a Bobby Charlton comb-over. He would never look you in the eye, so would approach with his gaze firmly fixed on your chest to utter his standard phrase, in thick didicoy accents, deeply guttural and barely intelligible, "Hi mate, youalright, wannanydiesel?" The going rate was £10 for five gallons.

DW's career as a two-wheeled fuel bandit ended when one rainy night he and his one-eyed brother decided to break into an electricity sub-station to steal metal. (We might wonder whether the gypsy affinity for copper and brass is genetic.) DW saw a large shiny busbar and made to grab it, to be promptly blown out of the building onto the grass verge outside. He was spotted hours later by a passing motorist, and died shortly afterwards in a hospital bed, never regaining consciousness. His brother

had bolted at the time of the explosion and a couple of days later flitted off with the Diesel Weasel's wife to Knottingley.

Is there a point to these various and sometimes tragicomic tales? If so, what is it? I suppose the main thrust is that we are a population like any other. These are individual tales in the ebb and flow of a population, and humans are just like any other species, thrusting, slowing, dying and being reborn. We are subject to the same laws of nature, of actions and effects, of risks and consequences. Individuals fall by the wayside but, failing a major or prolonged catastrophe, the population lives on. Really the best we can hope for in our individual lives is favourable odds.

Some also demonstrate a masculine disregard for safety. Contrast this attitude with the female perspective that 'every life is sacred' (most especially, young life) and the often obsessive avoidance of risk.

Beyond these components though, I would say that many of the events recounted here are individual vignettes of a civilisation that has lost its way. They are the convulsions of a people who have forgotten their identity. By which I mean, the sense of who we are and our place in the world. For decades, that identity has been eroded by an alien-controlled mass media and a traitorous, self-serving political class.

Much is aberrant behaviour, but even discounting this our population (people, folk, whatever) is under attack from manifold directions. Not least are the psychological assaults which have resulted in some anticipating our demise with apathy, or worse. This is an agenda which has been made explicit by the decidedly non-Aryan Noel Ignatiev, in his call for the genocide of Whites. Then there is U.S. General Wesley Clark who said in 1999, "There is no place in modern Europe for ethnically pure states." Most of the time the ethos is expressed with more subtlety.

Even without statistics which show a dramatic fall in political party membership in Britain over the last few decades, we can tell how far the disdain of the political class for the wishes of ordinary Britons has reached because it extends to the lowest rungs of government. One can meet it even in low-level functionaries in council offices. The vast majority of these employees nowadays are women and due to equal pay legislation many are paid as much as skilled tradesmen. I made a formal request to my local council to confirm this but they refused to reveal what they earn, so in effect my thesis is confirmed on both counts.

With characteristic feminine arrogance, looking down on the very people they are employed to serve, councils spend their budget on advertising about "hate crime" and otherwise actively inviting aliens into their areas. I know of a part of Scotland which is heavily populated by refugees from West Yorkshire, an obvious case of 'White flight.' Britons are being driven out of their home areas by their own government. Meanwhile council officials know that they can safely ignore complaints about their treachery and that the police can be summoned should so much as a voice be raised against them.

According to the male-female dichotomy I have detailed before, practically every policy the government is pursuing is a female strategy, hence 'Big Sister.' For example a distinct female procedure, with a putative evolutionary origin, is Vicarious Generosity: giving away, often enthusiastically, something which is not one's to give (e.g. foreign aid, power to the EU).

A rule operating in a feminine society is 'What can be done will be done.' Female insecurity means that power, once acquired, will be used. It must be demonstrated, if only to reassure herself that she has it. Herein is the explanation behind, to quote just one contemporary expression, the nagging announcements on the rail system. There are incessant warnings about non-existent high-speed trains, against smoking, cycling and skateboarding, plus security alerts. It's like being in North Korea. This is Big Sister exercising her power. It also furthers a yet more female-friendly environment. Any benefit to males is incidental – the chief beneficiary is the feminine State.

One could surmise that the two instances of State interference in harmless activities related earlier (the unconscious farmer and John Charnley) were intermediate examples of this absence of masculine restraint by the State.

A feminine society is inherently unstable. A topical instance is the financial system, in which bulk money is now traded at the speed of light using computers. The greater part of that money is notional; its value relies entirely on the confidence people have in it.

Simon Sheppard identifies the incessant official warnings and direction of everyday life as "Big Sister exercising her power" almost like North Korea (*above*)!

Future

Which brings us to the future. No-one can accurately predict what lies ahead, and exactly how things will pan out. There are however some certainties on which we can rely. There are the laws of nature, and the laws of economics. To an extent these two are equivalent, if we regard economics as a pure human expression of natural laws. For instance, politicians can make all sorts of ideological assertions, because talk is cheap, but no-one wants to lose money. Thus when South African apartheid fell, politicians were full of grandiloquence but in the unsparing world of finance nobody was prepared to back those sentiments with their money and the value of the Rand dropped sharply.

One likelihood is that society will become increasingly polarised. Quite possibly the labels "left" and "right," so beloved by the media, are a false dichotomy. We might regard the fact that a nationalist coalition between the two is illegal in Germany as confirmation that this is the way to go. It is probably the scenario the Establishment most fears.

Many ordinary people, as well as members of "the left," are coming round to appreciate the disaster that mass immigration has been. Notwithstanding, there will be camps (e.g. die-hard Marxists, feminists) who will never accede, because truth to them is both fluid and secondary. They are the true bigots. There is also a widening awareness of the Jewish role in our current malaise. It was Jews who gave us feminism and Jews have been consistent advocates of internationalism, of which the drugs which feature prominently in these accounts are an inevitable consequence. It has been opined in one of their own publications that Jewry could be entering a long period of decline, and they are probably right about that. It is now possible to see comments on mainstream websites which would not have been out of place on the Blood & Honour guestbook five or six years ago.

Nonetheless, those hoping for an uprising of some kind are likely to be disappointed, because if it did take place the change would be for the worse. Neither is it the British way. Societal upheavals can certainly occur, but the change must not be too rapid or its replacement is even less desirable. (This is because when change is too rapid, high positions tend to be filled by opportunists, and opportunism is a feminine trait; its male antithesis is careful, considered actions.)

However, the time-scales here are relative. It is quite conceivable that a shift in public sentiment that would take a hundred years in a masculine society would take only ten in a feminine one. This is precisely what is happening now.

Nowadays much is spoken of 'environmental sustainability' but one thing that is beyond doubt is that our current course, as a society, is completely unsustainable. Despite this, Establishment politicians continue along their familiar path, persisting with an inertia which can be traced

back decades. Unless one shares their delusion, that we can defy nature indefinitely, it should be plain that crisis is inevitable. Patching things up, as in the recent financial turmoil, will only make the eventual denouement worse.

There are several Establishment dogmas which are plain fallacy. That is, besides the ones that are obvious to us as nationalists, such as the credo about racial (and I would add sexual) equality. Perpetual economic growth is an impossibility, even if that were desirable. The current shocking levels of alcoholism and drug-addiction in Britain are barely sustainable. Most crucially, this limited land-mass cannot support an inexorably rising population.

One doesn't have to be a mathematician to foresee what will happen when non-white populations of high fecundity, who feel most comfortable in an environment of high population density, or whose high fecundity derives from high tropical mortality, exist alongside a less fecund one. Their babies will have more babies; the increase is exponential and the less fecund population is ultimately outnumbered. The pat phrases and pseudo-debates about "the multicultural experiment" and "needing workers" were only ever obfuscatory flim-flam – this outcome was easily predictable from the start. It is the government's role to foresee such problems and avoid them. In fact scientists were warning of a looming population crisis decades ago, but their concerns were ignored.

Schools, hospitals, water and energy supplies are all groaning under the weight of our teeming population and now new nuclear power stations are being planned (to be owned by the Chinese!) to meet projected energy demands. Sooner or later something will break, and we can only pray that it is not in the form of another Chernobyl or Fukushima. Despite their own nuclear expertise the Japanese are now asking for international help to contain the crisis that is ongoing at Fukushima. There was a serious radioactive incident at Windscale in 1957 which was hushed up at the time.

Some of these tales may evoke a bucolic nostalgia but I am not advocating a rural society, far from it. Britain's population might optimally be 25% of its current level, and with its indigenous population and a government that acted in its interest our pace of scientific advance would be at least twice its current rate. See the page on the Heretical website entitled 'Science in 18th Century England.' Prof. J. H. Plumb listed some of the great achievements of the era and added, "yet this wealth of science and art and scholarship was produced by a population far less than that of present-day London." And this was written in 1950!

Nor am I railing against nuclear energy. However, bequeathing huge problems to a thousand generations hence so that our bloated population can boil a kettle during the advert breaks in *Coronation Street* is irresponsible in the extreme. To err is human; indeed the stories related here illustrate just how foolish and calamity-prone humankind can be. Nuclear technology is in its infancy and we should not be creating problems we do not know how to solve.

In relating these stories, and reflecting on their significance, one of the most impressive things I think is the modern pace of change. My first, with their pastoral flavour, are in living memory (even if the chronology is a bit vague). Back in our evolutionary past people lived their entire lives in one village, never stepping outside. More recently, most never ventured further than the nearest large town. Then a peaceful life of tranquillity was easy to attain, but not only is the pace of life now rapid, it seems to be relentlessly increasing. This also cannot continue indefinitely. However, from an evolutionary perspective, all that has really changed is our ability to alter our environment, by our numbers and technology.

Another stamp of female influence to be always striving for more, even change for change's sake. It is female dissatisfaction which drives consumerism. According to theory, the female is insatiable and it is well known that consumerism is female-led. We should not gauge our quality of life by how many gadgets we have or how much money we earn. This also is a traditional British attitude which is being eroded.

Modern society has its costs. We have lost the joy of hearing the gleeful shrieks of the next generation playing in the fields nearby with the certainty that life for them will continue more or less as it always has. These simplest of human pleasures are now denied to us. Nevertheless, immense riches can be found in our own lives if we step back from the consumerist treadmill and appreciate what we have.

Simon Sheppard, Yorkshire, England

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Book Review: *The Banking Swindle – Money Creation and the State* by Kerry Bolton

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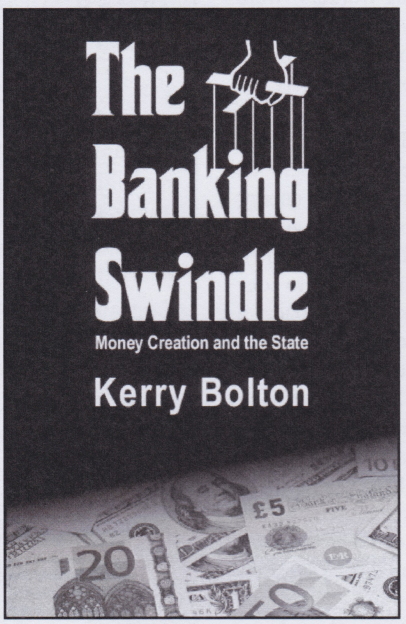
After the near-death experience of Western Civilization at the hands of International Finance and the Global Banking System in the autumn of 2008, from the after-effects of which we are still suffering, a book such as this analysing the fundamental flaws in that system could not be more timely. Moreover, unlike earlier works from a Nationalist viewpoint in this vein published since 1945, it can no longer be dismissed with the argument that the financial and economic system it slates basically works, has delivered decades of prosperity in the West, isn't broken and doesn't need fixing. As it was in the last Great Depression 80 years ago, although not in quite the same way, it is visibly broken and any radical fix is at least worth serious attention. Sneers about "funny money" ring notably false from the supporters of the late Lehman Brothers and the nearly, and perhaps still shortly, late Euro.



So this new book by long-standing, and in this reviewer's opinion under-appreciated, New Zealand Nationalist Dr. Kerry Bolton is most welcome. The more so as, although as we shall see not without some minor shortcomings, it is in many ways an incisive analysis of the underlying flaw in the current System and at least sets the stage well for a radical alternative whose time is now visibly coming.

That flaw, as Dr Bolton ably demonstrates, is the fact that money enters circulation, and has for over three centuries, as interest bearing debt, "usury" as it was once called, lent for their own profit and everyone else's loss by banks. Money banks essentially create as credit, far in excess of the sums deposited with them by savers. This is a phenomenon which is no secret – it is known as "fractional reserve banking" and the extent to which banks do it is a matter of public record. But whose implications are obfuscated by System economists, assisted it must be said often by lack of clarity of expression, and sometimes of thought, by that System's critics.

Though in essence it surely must seem very strange that if I deposit a pound or a dollar in a bank, that bank can not only lend that money itself out, which is one thing, but use it as an excuse to lend several more pounds or dollars it does not have and never had to other parties as a loan, who must pay the bank interest on it, which is quite another. It is not actually clear to this reviewer how this differs in principle from a bank not bothering actually having any assets on deposit at all, and simply creating money *ex novo* from nothing at all as loans or credit. The naïve public perception of these institutions as a sort of piggy bank safeguarding our hard-earned cash is further undermined by the fact that our money once handed over to them is no longer ours. It is not a bailment, to use the legal term, but is merely an asset on the bank's books, and we are mere creditors for our own money. Which the bank no longer even has – as the depositors of Britain's Northern Rock found out to their potential cost. If all the depositors want what they fondly believe to be their money back at the same time, the bank – any bank – will not have it and will collapse. Even though in the longer term it is owed far more than it owes to its depositors – because of the "money multiplier" arising from the bank lending many times more than it has in theory on deposit.

It is this money multiplication which is the inflator of the vast credit bubbles on which the much-vaunted Global Market Economy is built. Or, as in 2008, not. Once the markets themselves took note of the paucity of attire in which they had been dressing their Emperor, once it was realised that the banks' and related institutions' assets, the debts they had created and were owed, were of unknown and often highly insubstantial real value, in that many of those they had entrapped in cheap easy credit could never repay it, a total collapse not merely of the System but also of the value of money and hence the functioning of the complex web of "just-in-time" logistics systems which keep billions fed, watered and warmed, which would have brought down civilization itself, was only averted by desperate last-minute diversions of vast amounts of taxpayers' money, saving banks "too big to fail".

Dr Bolton traces the evolution of this system from its origins in the 17th Century. Through a phase in which it was operated to their great profit and power by international banking dynasties such as the Rothschilds to the present situation where the banks form one of the vast bureaucratic global cartels of interlocking shareholdings that comprise the current world Capitalist system.

Dr Bolton shows how the emerging banks and finance houses manipulated events for their own profit – as their successors still do – whilst commendably resisting the temptation to blame it all on "the Jews" in the simplistic and silly way to which so many Nationalists are prone. Certainly in earlier stages of the evolution of global Finance, running an international bank or finance house required a combination of dispersal across many nations but close mutual trust, which cosmopolitan Jewish families like the Rothschilds and Warburgs were ideally placed to exploit. But so were the Rockefellers and Morgans. As Dr Bolton rightly argues, banks promoted their own interests, often meddling behind the scenes in global affairs to promote internationalism and liberalism, because they wished to maximise their profits, not to serve some external agenda laid down by Learned Elders or whatever. He effectively debunks much conspiracy theory nonsense. About time too in this reviewer's view.

Many British nationalists who have uncritically swallowed too much of this in the past will be surprised to find out from Dr Bolton that our own country and its Empire are widely thought to be part of the vast One-World Conspiracy themselves. The great White racial patriot and Empire-builder Cecil Rhodes was not, Dr. Bolton demonstrates, as some have painted him, a tool of Jewish bankers and gold/diamond traders, nor are H.M. The Queen and our Royal Family international drug dealers serving "Them" (Jews, not 12-foot-tall Lizards…I think…) as Lyndon LaRouche *et al.* still argue. Whilst American patriots will no doubt be just as surprised to discover from this book that the Confederacy was also a Tool of The Jews, run by its Jewish Secretary of State Judah P. Benjamin in the service of the Rothschilds, bent on weakening that Aryan colossus the United States of America so it would not be able to defend White Civilization as it so notably did throughout the 20th Century…. Dr. Bolton probably devotes more than he needs to of this book to debunking all this, a case in this reviewer's opinion of taking a sledgehammer to crack a few nuts.

He himself sinks, although only briefly, into the sort of dialectical sharp practice and obfuscation characteristic of said Conspiracy nuts, citing sundry New York bankers rejoicing in the 1917 Russian Revolution without making it clear, as is evident from his sources tucked away in the footnotes, that the Revolution they are rejoicing over and boasting of helping bring about was the liberal-Capitalist February

1917 one, not the Marxist one of that October. Although some of them welcomed that one too – for a while. As their successors are finding out in Iraq, Syria and the lands in which they have incited the sundry "Colour Revolutions" they are still fomenting, if you topple a regime you do not like, you may find you like what ultimately replaces it even less. Joe Stalin was not, and the Wahhabists will not be, terribly good for business and global trade… Which (not "freedom") was what such revolutions were really promoted to serve. As Dr Bolton puts it: "liberty for economic exploitation on the ruins of thrones and altars".

Dr Bolton does however clearly see through all this neo-conspiratorial stuff to the essential truth that it is the system, not those who thrive or have thrived within it, which is the real enemy here. If the issue of money is given to transnational institutions driven ultimately by an inbuilt imperative to make the maximum possible profit, then whatever their founders may have intended they will become harmful – and indeed ultimately self-destructive – parasitic growths, nation-wrecking cancers driven by ruthless selfish greed. I would suggest to Dr Bolton that the International Bank/Finance system itself is a part of an even bigger Global Greed Machine which it lubricates with its flows of credit, the globalised shareholder-owned international corporate Capitalist system as a whole. That is the real Enemy.

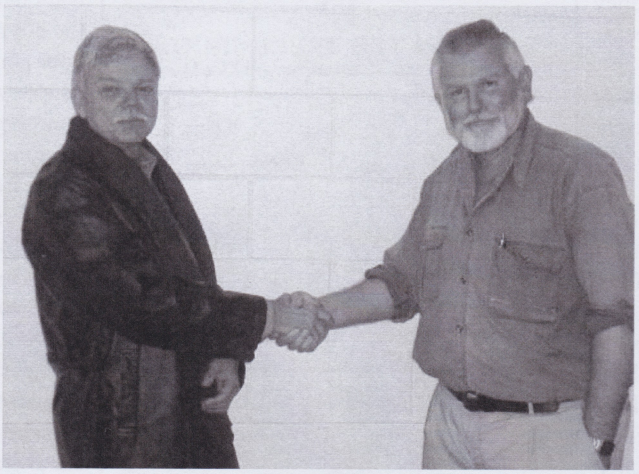
Dr Bolton is spot on to stress that Nationalists who moan about the effects of this system – immigration, race-mixing, cultural and social degeneration and so on – without addressing the underlying cause, the system that is the real enemy, are deluding themselves. As are those more widely who mistake the symptom of our current economic plight – the world is awash in debt – for the cause: the system that depends on the endless generation of that debt, however destructive in the end not only to us but to the System itself, which the author rightly calls a "self-destructive parasite". If that parasite is not purged, if the underlying cause is not fixed, the effects, even if themselves remedied in the short term, will return in the long.

To fix that cause, as Dr Bolton clearly sees, requires a radical, indeed revolutionary, approach. The fundamental issue here he puts well thus: "If a bank can lend credit as a profit-making commodity by charging interest, then why can't a government create its own credit as a public service and purely as a means of exchange of goods and services without incurring debt through exorbitant interest?"

Much of his book consists of an often fascinating and little-known account of all those in various places and times who have advocated, and in a few cases for a short while actually done, this. Ranging from Abraham Lincoln to Adolf Hitler, from Guernsey to the Austrian Alps, from Calgary in Canada to the Confederate States of America, from G.K. Chesterton to Ezra Pound.

Of some, such as Major C.H. Douglas's Social Credit movement, which spawned the Green Shirts in 1930s Britain and actually came to power in some parts of the British Dominions, such as the Canadian Province of Alberta, albeit frustrated by the Canadian Government, this reviewer had heard. As he had vaguely heard of the intriguingly-named Kindred of the Kibbo Kift. New to him, and Dr Bolton performs a valuable service in highlighting it, was the extent to which this issue, and indeed Nationalism in general, played a significant role in the early history of the Labour Movement in Australia and New Zealand as it did in Britain, albeit with the same ultimate replacement by crypto-Marxists and eventually craven Global Capitalist hacks. Clearly John A. Lee in New Zealand and King O'Malley in Australia deserve the recognition as radical nationalist heroes we accord to our own Bob Blatchford and his comrades.

Dr Bolton also sheds light on Gottfried Feder and his influence on the early economic success of National Socialist Germany. Like pioneer of the Green movement Walther Darré, Feder is an interesting NS figure whose contemptuous dismissal as a "crank" by Establishment historians should cause Nationalists to prick up their ideological antennae. Dr Bolton argues it was Feder's reform of the basis of the German financial system which lay at the root of the great economic recovery of Germany between 1933 and 1939. Rather than the banker Hjalmar Schacht's adroit manipulation of the embryonic global currency and trade system, or indeed the Keynesian demand stimulus provided by rearmament spending, which is how System historians explain it (away). This is clearly an area which will repay further Nationalist scholarship. Dr Bolton also does a service by shining a light on the often neglected Italian Social Republic, which briefly embodied the genuinely revolutionary alternative Fascism ought always to have offered, and hence is usually interred in historical footnotes. Which also needs its light removed from under the bushel dropped on it by System-serving history.



Kerry Bolton (*right*) meeting Australia First Party leader Jim Saleam in Wellington, at the annual general meeting of the New Zealand National Front in 2008.

Although it would have made a better polemic to have skated over this, Dr Bolton is also honest in not concealing that a lot of this was a solution – which he makes a good case did work or would have worked – to a rather different crisis of the System than the one we now face. However both crises exemplify the fact that the System does not really work and indeed, as Dr Bolton repeatedly and rightly stresses, contains within itself the seeds of its own self-destruction. There destruction only implies our subsequent replacement of it if we get our act together in time to offer a credible alternative when the need for it becomes inescapable, and the consumerist sheep are forced to look up.

The Great Depression of the 1930s was essentially a deflationary slump. Goods rusted away and food rotted because there was not enough money available for those who needed them to buy them. The Great Recession of the 2010s is in many ways the opposite – thanks to uncontrolled credit and debt there is, or was, too much money about. The root cause though is essentially the same – the supply of money not reflecting the true supply of the goods and services for which it is, or should be, a medium of exchange. And the cause of that in both cases is essentially where the supply of money comes from – credit lent by banks, not scrip issued by governments.

Incidentally it may have been always thus – whilst economics textbooks generally follow Aristotle in saying that money first arose as a replacement for the barter of goods, anthropologist David Graeber has recently exposed this as a fairy story with no basis in historical fact. In his ground-breaking *Debt: the First 5,000 Years*, he argues convincingly that money really originated as a way of keeping track of debts.

Our author goes on to follow those who would offer an alternative to five millennia of debt-based dosh after the War. Who included Tory MP Henry Kerby as well as British Nationalists from the 1950s National Labour Party to the newly founded British Democratic Party, the latter two linked by the almost legendary figure of John Bean, a leading light in both Parties then and now. A portion of the BDP Policy Statement written by MEP Andrew Brons is quoted with glowing approval. Although I fear the author's enthusiasm for Italian comedian Beppe Grillo's Five Star Movement is possibly less well placed – Signor Grillo seems to me to differ from the other Establishment politicians

only in being honest enough to admit he is a clown and his policies are a joke…

As is the supposed other alternative to the suicidal Global Finance/ Capitalist System, Marxist "Socialism". This Dr Bolton demonstrates ably. He quotes Marx himself, who supported Free Trade and the rise of global Capitalism as "historically progressive" whilst reserving his real ire for the "feudal socialists": progenitors of our Movement who offered a genuine alternative to the subjection of humanity to the industrial machine, the God of GDP and Greed that Marx as much as Maggie Thatcher gladly embraced.

Dr Bolton quotes the great German thinker and historian Oswald Spengler arguing, as both our side and theirs need to be aware, that Marxism is not Socialism: "Socialism contains elements that are older, stronger and more fundamental than his (Marx's) critique of society. Such elements existed without him and continued to develop without him, in fact contrary to him. They are not to be found on paper; they are in the blood. And only the blood can decide the future."

A future in which, as Dr Bolton also valuably points out, the highest good must not be greed or even material production. Citing the likes of the theologian St Thomas Aquinas as well as Evola and others, he argues that people work to live. They do not, or should not, live to work. That is an aberration Puritanism took selectively from the most Jewish roots of Christianity.

There is nothing inherently good or worthy about that most hackneyed cliché of Establishment politicians in recent years, "hard-working families". They are forced to be so hard working because they are being ever more exploited by Capitalism for ever longer hours in return for ever lower pay in real terms as pay falls inexorably behind inflation. They are kept frantically scrabbling faster and faster around that hamster wheel by consumerist desires for useless gew-gaws created by the advertising arm of the Global Greed Machine which subtly manipulates our minds so it can sell us more and more stuff we don't need to make them more and more profit they do need.

The 1930s Green Shirt Movement for Social Credit is one of the challengers to financial orthodoxy highlighted by Dr Bolton.

Once material needs – for food, clothing and housing, not 40-inch plasma TVs and the latest media-promoted fashions *du jour* – and equally vital non-material needs for identity and security within the community of folk and family have been met, and the long-term future of the Race secured by outward expansion beyond our homeworld, the magnificent technology our Race uniquely has created should have been, and should be, used to give more leisure, not mere material stuff, to our people. Leisure in which they can fulfil themselves in enjoying the heritage and culture of our diverse nations and our common Race, in creating their own living folk cultures, and in appreciating and living in oneness with the rest of the natural world. It is clear that Dr Bolton shares this vision, our true alternative to their Global Greed Machine which will eat and befoul the World before destroying itself, and us, if we are not careful.

To bringing that alternative into being this book is a worthwhile contribution. It is well argued and researched. Even better, it does not suffer the great weakness of A.K. Chesterton's work, highlighted in my last review. Where this author makes extraordinary claims, he gives concrete and verifiable citations in the footnotes of the extraordinary evidence such claims require if they are to be believed. In some especially telling cases from the very institutions he is criticising: citing the Bank of England's own website against it, for example. It is not without minor faults – it originated as a series of articles, and it occasionally shows. There is also a tendency to tailor arguments to preach to the converted, or at least Nationalists predisposed to be converted.

More fundamentally, it helps toward, but does not actually in itself yet I think address, what is most needed now. A book – which Kerry Bolton convinces me he could well write – putting the case for our alternative to their system, the real "funny money" as two gigantic global near-collapses in less than a century have surely amply shown, in hard-hitting but comprehensible detail. Answering the inevitable criticisms and counter-arguments from the System and its apologists.

And not just from them. Some genuine Nationalists have serious questions that need answering. It is not enough facilely to churn out a few garbled slogans apparently scribbled on the back of a beer mat and slap them up on a website, as one once so hopeful and now so fallen British Nationalist party did recently. Inviting the derision of our foes and the despair of our friends. For example, "nationalising the banks" may be necessary but is not, as Dr Bolton in fact himself shows, sufficient unless you address what banks, state or privately owned, do. Whilst "abolishing the National Debt" just like that sounds good unless the bonds which comprise that debt are paying your pension, as is true for millions of ordinary people. Again the sentiments are not wrong, but their expression is not thought out and invites obvious criticisms and counter-arguments, as much from friend as foe,

Criticisms and counter-arguments we need to be able to answer with confidence and authority when we do face them. As we will inevitably if we succeed, can no longer be dismissed as fringe cranks, and are at last taken seriously (something in our present state of ideological development and internal education that ought to make us very afraid!). So we can credibly sell our alternative to the public when that public sees that business as usual has clearly failed them.

What is really needed is not merely an exposure of their failed system, and why it has failed and will fail, but an in-depth exposition of our alternative, how it will work and why it will be better. There is no point in hiding the fact that it is an alternative, a revolutionary alternative, incompatible with the present system, certain to spark a Stock Market collapse, a run on the currency, trade sanctions, a flight of capital, collapse of our world trade, etc., etc., if implemented in present circumstances.

Because there is no chance of it being implemented in present circumstances. We will not be in a position to implement anything until the current system is, visibly for the bulk of the public, no longer an option. Preaching a bracing life on the open sea in a lifeboat is profoundly unattractive to the passengers quaffing and scoffing in the First Class Restaurant. Until they feel ice-cold seawater rising round their ankles, and realise the ship they are on, luxury liner or no, is sinking. Then they will listen to the case for a lifeboat! We know that our lifeboat will take our people to a better landfall anyway. But that's not why they will board it. They'll board it because we convince them it will better keep them afloat.

Doing that, in this area, is a task this book starts to address. But after reading it I am convinced its author, Dr Kerry Bolton, can and should write the definitive book on Nationalist economic and monetary policy that will comprehensively address this task. If you read it, as I strongly recommend you do, I feel sure you will agree with me.

Reviewed by Ian Freeman, Northwich, Cheshire

Editor's Note: Kerry Bolton has been active on the nationalist scene for many years and publishes the quarterly AB Aeterno, *Journal of the Academy of Social & Political Research. For a sample copy write to – AB Aeterno, PO Box 1627, Paraparaumu Beach, 5252, New Zealand; or email to – vindex@clear.net.nz*

1914 – 2014: Centenary of a Catastrophe

The twentieth Century was a disaster for the White Race. A hundred years ago the British Establishment initiated the genocide of our race, when it launched the first of the series of world wars, which have now mutated into an undeclared war, organised by the same, corrupt Anglo-American Establishment, of unlimited, mass-immigration into the White Homelands of Britain, Europe, North America and the other White lands overseas.

Should anyone consider that the statement above is unwarranted and too strong a condemnation of the British Establishment, then let them ponder and consider the following: It was the British government in 1914 that declared war on Germany; and not the other way around. Twenty five years later in 1939, just a short generation later, it was the British government that again declared war on Germany; and not the other way around.

A million British troops were killed in the First World War, and many more returned home mutilated and seriously wounded. The French, German and Russian losses were even higher. Men spoke of the "lost generation". Europe's finest, the most patriotic and the most idealistic of Europe's and Britain's young men slaughtered. We have never been given an explanation from the British Establishment for its declaration of war in August 1914; and we have never been given a justification for the staggering loss of life of that four-year ordeal in the mud of Flanders.

The Christmas Truce: on December 25th 1914 these British and German soldiers (from the London Rifle Brigade and the Saxon 104th and 106th Infantry Regiments) abandoned their trenches on the front line in Flanders. Sadly the European brothers' war was resumed with catastrophic consequences during the next four years.

Europeans (and eventually Americans) were incited to kill each other by a monstrous campaign of propaganda lies: grotesque atrocity stories combined with cartoon images of the German as a rabid brute (as in the typical poster *above*). The inventor of the modern advertising industry, Edward Bernays, directed much of the American side of this propaganda campaign.

And just twenty years after the end of the First World War, in September 1939, the British Establishment again declared war against Germany and so wilfully initiated the Second World War. This war was the most bloody and destructive war in the history of mankind. It is estimated that fifty millions lost their lives, and many more millions lost everything, their loved ones, their homes, their health, everything. At the end of the Second World War, Britain was financially bankrupt, its empire destroyed, and the country reduced to the role of a suppliant, begging for loans at the court of the U.S.A., whilst on the continent, Europe lay devastated, its peoples starving, its cities bombed into smoking ruins,and all under the heel of foreign armies.

That the British Establishment is totally unrepentant in its role in bringing down such disasters onto the peoples of Britain and Europe; that the British Establishment is utterly shameless in its complete denial of responsibility for the damage wreaked upon Britain and Europe, is brazenly shown by its intention to celebrate with pomp and circumstance the centenary of the start of the First World War. Prime Minister David Cameron is already claiming that we owe our freedoms in Britain and our Freedom of Speech to the decision to fight the First World War.

There is a saying that Truth is the first casualty in any war. Well, you can see that Truth has never really recovered from its mistreatment at the hands of the British Establishment during that first war. Politicians are lying, when they claim that the world wars gave us our freedoms and our Freedom of Speech. There is no Freedom of Speech in this country. Anyone who campaigns against the Establishment's genocidal policy of mass-immigration into this country is liable to be charged under the tyrannical Race Act, and be facing seven years in jail. That is the lack of freedom we suffer from in this country at the hands of the British Establishment.

And now in 2014,we can draw up the charge sheet.

The two world wars were nothing but a wicked waste of good men's lives. The wicked and needless weakening of the British armed forces required that we needed America to protect Britain's worldwide interests against the resurgent power of the Soviet Union.

The wicked waste of the national treasure left Britain financially bankrupt and a beggar, dependent on American loans. The wicked destruction of the German army left the Germans defenceless before their foes. Wickedly and morally indefensible, those two world wars were launched and maintained and justified by means of a constant stream of propaganda lies, manufactured and broadcast by the British Establishment. To this day Europe stands defenceless and humiliated before the whole world, as Race Acts in every European country, Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Poland make it a criminal offence to expose the war-time propaganda lies of the vicious, victorious Allies of that suicidal, fratricidal, genocidal war.

I will leave the last word here to John Tyndall, who on the anniversary of Britain's 1939 declaration of war, wrote in his magazine, *Spearhead* (September 1979) of that Catastrophe:

"Some may ask what is the point of bringing all these things up 40 years afterwards when it is the future with which we should be concerned. The plain answer is that our ability to determine the future is inextricably bound up with these events. The powers and the mentality that determined Britain's catastrophic course of events in September 1939 are still with us today – they rule our affairs today. The factors that currently paralyse every effort at national recovery are in essence the same factors that 40 years ago ensured that we would tread the path to ruin."

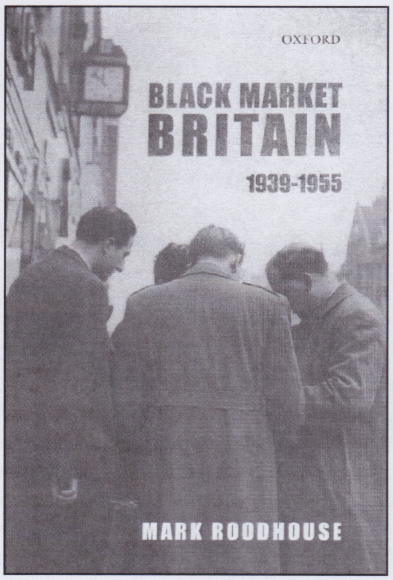
Richard Edmonds, London, England

Book Review: *Black Market Britain 1939-1955*

Published by Oxford University Press. 2013, ISBN 978-0-19-958845-9, 276pp (Hardback). Available for £67.00 from Oxford University Press (UK), Great Clarendon Street, Oxford, OX2 6DP. Also online at www.oup.com and currently on offer for £55.25 at www.amazon.co.uk

Among the many popular myths of the Second World War is the heroic vision of the British people pulling together against their nazi/fascist foe and discovering a sense of common identity. That collective impulse is widely interpreted as having paved the way for Labour's election victory in 1945: the imposition of state controls once seen as an unwarranted infringement of traditional British freedoms, now viewed as a necessary means to greater social equality and "fairness".

The most obvious of these state controls was rationing, designed to prevent profiteers from exploiting wartime shortages; ensure that goods in short supply were fairly shared; boost public morale by creating an image that "we are all in this together"; and direct the nation's productive capacity towards essentials rather than more profitable luxuries.



Britain's traditional strength was also potentially her major wartime weakness: her Empire – the greatest the world had ever known – and London's consequent role as an international trading centre. From the middle of the previous century, accelerating industrialisation and imperial expansion had reduced her self-sufficiency.

Those Britons who could afford it had grown accustomed to consuming large quantities of imported goods, not only items like bananas which naturally could not be produced at home, but also wheat and cheese. Moreover even those items which were home produced, such as eggs, would have to be controlled in the circumstances of total war, so as to ensure that those serving in the armed forces (or working in vital industries) obtained an adequate diet.

During the First World War rationing had only been introduced in late 1917, after more than three years of conflict. Detailed plans for rationing in a future war had been developed by civil servants at the Board of Trade after 1936, but the British cabinet held back from imposing them. Petrol rationing was announced immediately after the outbreak of war, and took only a couple of weeks to come into force on September 16th 1939, but Neville Chamberlain and his ministers were in two minds whether to ration food.

Cabinet papers from October 1939 show that the argument was balanced between those ministers who feared that any interference with the public's right to buy food would damage national morale, and those who remembered that during the previous war, "the most potent cause of industrial unrest had been maldistribution of foodstuffs, which had given rise to food queues. Public opinion would know that these injustices and inequalities could be avoided by the introduction of rationing."

Ministers agreed to research public opinion before reaching a decision. By the end of October most ministers were agreed that the public would accept rationing – though surprisingly it was Winston Churchill (then First Lord of the Admiralty) who was most opposed to the suggestion, arguing that even at this early stage of the conflict there were signs "that public opinion was becoming increasingly critical of government control and interference with the liberty of the individual."

Butter, bacon and sugar – staples of the traditional British breakfast – duly became the first food items to be rationed in January 1940. During the next two years further items were brought under the ration system, and by the summer of 1942 only bread and vegetables could legally be obtained by simple cash transactions rather than coupons from a ration book. (Curiously enough bread rationing was only introduced in 1946 after Britain had supposedly won the war. Similarly potato rationing came in for a short time after an exceptionally severe winter in 1947.)

Younger readers accustomed to the censorious and hypocritical 21st century regulation of such matters might be surprised to read that alcohol and tobacco were not rationed, due to the effect this would have on public morale! Yet numerous non-food items were, including clothing, fuel, soap and even paper.

Every attempt by government to control public consumption creates a market for crime – as the U.S. authorities had discovered when Congress attempted to ban the sale of alcohol during the ill-fated "Prohibition" experiment from 1920 to 1933. Wartime rationing was no exception, and a "black market" soon flourished.

The phrase "black market" seems to have been first used during the 1930s in reference to various forms of illegal trading and evasion of government controls, but it was in wartime and postwar Britain that the term became common. Just how common it was has been disputed by historians.

The eminent economic historian and civil servant Sir Alec Cairncross argued that the black market was "relatively unimportant in Britain during and after the war". Yet as the radical mythbusting historian Angus Calder pointed out in his famous 1969 book *The People's War*, "it was in the nature of a successful black market transaction that it was left out of official statistics and evaded the courts of law."

So how is a historian to evaluate the scale and significance of an underground phenomenon? Dr Mark Roodhouse, lecturer in history at the University of York, has taken up this challenge in his first book, updating a thesis which he produced a decade ago for his Cambridge doctorate.

After a detailed examination of statistical sources and surveys, his conclusion is that the black market was not so large as to undermine the war effort. In this he agrees with one of the earliest writers on the subject, future Thatcher cabinet minister Angus Maude, who wrote in 1948: "We may perhaps conclude that the British black market has never reached such dimensions – except in the case of petrol – as to have any appreciable effect on supplies of important products to legitimate consumers."

Similarly Dr Roodhouse concludes:
"Large-scale black market operations involving big sums of money and large quantities of controlled goods were few and far between, but petty transactions involving large numbers of people and little or no money were commonplace."

One reason for this is that the general public tended to regard the pettier end of the black market as socially acceptable – and of course (especially in rural areas) it was practically impossible to prevent farmers and smallholders from evading certain regulations. One of the many anonymous respondents surveyed by Mass Observation in 1948 commented that "most people seem to make a difference between the bloke who gets hold of half-a-dozen eggs, and he who corners the market in pears (for instance) and makes tens of thousands in the process."

Similarly it was seen as socially acceptable to abuse the rationing system by bartering unused clothing coupons. One working class schoolboy remembered postwar that "you swapped the clothes coupons for food because you could do without clothes. The richer people would give you money for them so you could go and buy."

Eggs seem to have been the most widely traded black market item, which is unsurprising as in theory housewives were limited to one egg per person per week. Postwar analysis suggests that during most of the rationing period only about half of Britain's eggs actually passed through properly licensed channels.

Poultry farmers also seem to have successfully evaded price controls for chicken and turkey, often using loopholes in the system

British government propaganda tried to persuade citizens that even what might seem minor infringements of ration regulations could undermine the war effort.

that allowed poultry to be sold at a higher price if it was in theory going to be used for breeding or laying rather than for meat. This meant in practice that there was a severe shortage of Christmas turkeys, chickens, geese or ducks available through legitimate dealers.

The easiest black market commodity to assess statistically is petrol. Evasion of the petrol ration was most common via the extra allowance for commercial vehicles, which produced a flourishing black market in unused commercial petrol coupons being sold to private motorists. In 1947 the government came up with the idea of dyeing commercial petrol red, with severe penalties for anyone selling red petrol to private drivers.

This was perhaps the most successful state operation in history to stamp out illegal trading. Roodhouse calculates that during twelve months in 1948-9, the red petrol scheme saved more than 500,000 tons of petrol, and that by extension around 12.6% of all UK petrol consumption during 1947 must have gone through the black market.

Roodhouse finds that the biggest danger of black market activity was not that it would directly undermine the war effort, but that the perception of large scale criminality in the midst of wartime sacrifice would damage morale. Wartime propagandists at the BBC accepted a script supplied by the Ministry of Food which rammed home the message that "the apparently innocent, well-meaning housewife who wangles an extra couple of eggs is unconsciously part of a chain tied at the other end to criminal gangsterism."

Such propaganda was mainly designed to combat a public attitude summed up postwar by Boris Ford, director of the Bureau of Public Affairs, as the "natural human tendency to think of the black market as what the other fellow does, and to class our own transactions among the lighter shades of grey." Sixty years earlier, Gilbert & Sullivan had satirised the same public tendency in their operetta *Ruddigore*, when the ghosts of Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd's ancestors berate him for failing to keep up his family tradition of "bad baronets" by committing regular crimes. He protests that only the previous week he had committed a crime, failing to file an income tax return, but the family ghosts scoff: "That's nothing. Nothing at all. Everybody does that. It's expected of you."

Perhaps the greatest threat to national morale during the war effort – and even today a dangerous historical truth – was the disproportionate scale of black market activity among tightly knit minority groups, especially Jews.

Just as today's police officers are often accused of "racism" when exercising stop and search powers (when in truth they are simply reflecting the statistical fact that a black youth is more likely to be a criminal), Jewish representatives and pro-Jewish politicians often complained during the war that policemen singled out Jews as suspect black marketeers.

As today, the truth was no defence when accused of "racism" or "anti-semitism". In the summer of 1947 Brigadier Ford, a divisional food officer responsible for enforcing rationing in the East Midlands region, was forced to resign after inadvisedly confiding to (of all people) a group of visiting German journalists that Jews were responsible for most black market offences. His indiscretion was soon leaked and Labour MP Tom Driberg protested that Brig. Ford might have left the impression that "the heresies of Streicher and Goebbels have any official support in this country."

Ford was of course dismissed, despite the sensible intervention by Conservative MP Sir Godfrey Nicholson, who asked:
"While it is obviously desirable that racial feeling should not be introduced into this country – and we are all agreed on that – is not the balance being thrown in the wrong direction? If it is the case that a certain race are concerned with the majority of these offences, is it wrong to say so?"

One hilarious example of Jewish black marketeering quoted by Roodhouse involved that typical 1940s under-the-counter item: nylon stockings. During the summer of 1949 Her Majesty's Customs & Excise uncovered a smuggling ring controlled by the Agudath Israel movement, an organization of Haredi Jewish rabbis. Two Agudath rabbis – "Holocaust survivors" from a small town in Slovakia – had emigrated to New York, where they organized the smuggling operation to raise funds for their worldwide movement.

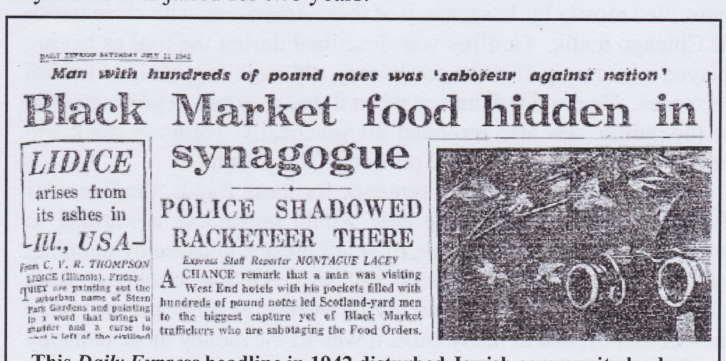
The nylons were dispatched to London from Brooklyn, sandwiched between packets of matzos, the unleavened bread used by Jews during Passover. They were then collected from various addresses in Stoke Newington (then as now the centre of Haredi Judaism in Britain) by teenage boys acting as couriers for British leaders of Agudath.

According to a document found by Roodhouse in the archives of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, a similar scheme (never uncovered by the British authorities) involved jewellery smuggled in boxes of tephilin or phylacteries, the small leather boxes used by Orthodox Jews to contain scraps of parchment from the Torah, which they tie to their arms and foreheads during prayer.

Roodhouse also quotes several entries in wartime diaries and Mass Observation surveys, revealing public perceptions that Jews were heavily involved in black market activity. He seems unsure whether simply to report the truth about Jewish involvement in the black market, or to play along with the politically correct interpretation that Jewish criminality was disproportionately highlighted and Jews targeted as scapegoats.

He correctly points out that Jews were overrepresented in the retailing of food and clothing, which were areas involving many rationed goods, so it was inevitable that to some extent there would be a disproportionate number of Jewish black marketeers.

Nevertheless, the Jewish Trades Advisory Council complained in June 1941 that reporting of such cases during the past month had unfairly highlighted Jews: "These particular cases were given a prominence out of all proportion to their intrinsic news value." Sometimes the Jewish background of a defendant was highlighted because of the different methods of taking an oath. Under English law, a Christian witness swears to tell the truth while holding a New Testament and hatless; a Jewish witness makes the same oath on the Old Testament and while wearing a hat (or otherwise covering the head, sometimes with a handkerchief). In one important black market case in 1946, a Manchester Jew named Samuel Taylor had to be recalled and his initial evidence expunged after he was found to have been improperly sworn in the Christian manner. The error didn't save Taylor: he was jailed for two years.


Man with hundreds of pound notes was 'saboteur against nation'

Black Market food hidden in synagogue

LIDICE arises from its ashes in Ill., USA

POLICE SHADOWED RACKETEER THERE

Express Staff Reporter MONTAGUE LACEY

A CHANCE remark that a man was visiting West End hotels with his pockets filled with hundreds of pound notes led Scotland-yard men to the biggest capture yet of Black Market traffickers who are sabotaging the Food Orders.

This *Daily Express* headline in 1942 disturbed Jewish community leaders, who feared the consequences of public perceptions that the black market was "an organised Jewish racket".

In one case detailed by Dr Roodhouse, no one could complain that it was not intrinsically newsworthy. This was the conviction of Seymour Sydney (incorrectly named by Roodhouse as "Sidney Seymour") in July 1942 for large scale black market operations supplying London restaurants, including upmarket French establishments in Soho patronised by General de Gaulle himself. Sydney was sentenced to four years' penal servitude and fined £2,000 – the heaviest sentence so far for black market offences. One of his customers, a French restaurateur who also provided the canteen for the "Free French" headquarters at Carlton Gardens, was also imprisoned.

Sydney (who had changed his name in 1940 from the more alien Solomon Skylinsky) had stored much of his black market stock in an East End synagogue, a fact which was prominently reported by the *Daily Express*. An editorial in the *Jewish Chronicle* complained that such reporting had given the impression "to the multitude of the paper's readers that the Black Market was not merely the lucrative haunt of individuals but that it was an organized Jewish racket into which even the Synagogue itself had been drawn."

It seems not to have been part of Dr Roodhouse's remit to investigate whether there was any truth in the notion of "an organized Jewish racket", so the present reviewer must turn to his own files on these matters. An internal Scotland Yard report on the Skylinsky case pointed out that "the public, including many of those in the Services, are fleeced unmercifully by these traitors," and reveals that Skylinsky and his brother, also involved in the case and using the names Mark Godfrey and Godfrey Sedney, already had serious criminal records.

Skylinsky had been convicted in 1929 under his original name for attempting to bribe a Special Branch officer in connection with obtaining a British passport for an American Jewish gangster.

Skylinsky's brother Godfrey/Sedney, a Mayfair-based dealer in cosmetics, was described by police as "a well-known sharepusher who in 1931 received seven years' penal servitude for conspiracy to defraud, etc." and as being "regarded as one of the principals of the 'Black Market' gang in the West End." Although in the 1942 black market case he "found it convenient to keep in the background, with the result that he escaped with a fine of £100," Scotland Yard regarded him as "suspected of being the 'brains' behind a number of shady deals."

His 1931 trial (under the name Sydney Godfrey) involved fraudulent share dealing – what was then known as "sharepushing", a crime which according to official records seems to have been committed mostly by Jews, many of them Americans with close ties to the Chicago mafia. Godfrey was described during the trial as having "played a leading part in the conspiracy, although he remained behind the scenes. He provided finance when it was required to prepare a trap for the public. He also provided the practically worthless stock and shares, and he received a large portion of the plunder."

Passing a total seven year sentence for these frauds, the Recorder of London had said that "the case would operate as a warning to investors, particularly to people of small means, because by cunning, cruel and merciless frauds they had succeeded in obtaining from widows, butlers, nurses, retired civil servants, or other persons large sums of money, and in many cases it was all the money those unhappy people had in the world."

(Still buried in secret official files are details of later financial connections between "Godfrey" and the Marquess of Milford Haven, who had been best man at the wedding of his cousin Prince Philip to the future Queen Elizabeth II.)

Examination of Skylinsky's address book and correspondence reveals the name of one Max Gerson, a central figure in Jewish organized crime (including diamond smuggling) during this period, as well as other associates of the Anglo-Iberian Company, run by Gerson and the Zeitlin-Zetland brothers. Dr Roodhouse doesn't touch any of this murky world, which occupied a good deal of Scotland Yard attention and is detailed in other secret Whitehall files, some of which have only been declassified recently at the request of this reviewer.

£250,000 COUP BY 'KING' COLE

'CHIEF ARCHITECT' ISAAC COLE
Followed an escape route to Israel

Black market boss sneaks bonds out in coat

Dr Roodhouse refers to the largest ever black market case – 'Operation Fiddler' in 1949 – but for some reason chooses not to mention the identity of the criminal mastermind behind the racket – or the fact that he escaped to Israel with the proceeds! The headline above is from the *Daily Express* front page on 21st October 1949.

The largest black market food case uncovered by government inspectors – known as 'Operation Fiddler' – concerned the supply of poultry to upmarket London establishments including Ciro's Club on the Charing Cross Road; the Park Lane Hotel; the Ladies' Carlton Club (closely linked to the Conservative Party); and even the Dorchester (though the latter's involvement never came to court). The perpetrators came before the Old Bailey in 1949 – all except the central figure in the case, Isaac Cole, who had fled to the new state of Israel with £250,000 in bonds sewn into the lining of a specially made fur coat. Dr Roodhouse chooses not to mention any of this, referring only to "a small family business" behind the case and two unnamed brothers – in fact Isaac and Marks Cole.

Another black marketeer involved in several connected Jewish rackets was the notorious "Charlie the Fixer" – West London businessman Samuel Charles Bolsom, who was jailed for 21 months in May 1946 after being convicted of bribing a policeman and providing fake medical certificates to help criminals get out of military service. Bolsom was a major target of MI5 and police interest, and had enjoyed frequent access to Parliament, equipped with "a secretarial pass to the Commons to help him in work for a Jewish philanthropic organisation."

One serious limitation of this book is that while focusing on two examples where a fairly marginal group of religious Jews were involved in smuggling, Roodhouse does not tackle the issue of more secularised Jews such as Bolsom, including some intimately involved in the Zionist project, who were behind major criminal enterprises both before, during and after the war.

He does not examine the implications of the vast conspiracy to evade whisky duties; high level corruption at the Ministry of Supply; arms and diamond smuggling networks; nor the web of political, financial and criminal connections uncovered by the Lynskey tribunal in 1948. Perhaps most seriously, while looking at the records of many different UK authorities, Roodhouse does not take account of MI5's role (alongside the Ministry of Economic Warfare) in investigating the highest levels of black market operations, and therefore does not assess the consequences of postwar Prime Minister Clement Attlee's order that MI5 must desist from any involvement in black market investigations.

It is clear from the diaries of Guy Liddell (eventually the deputy head of MI5) that the top end of the black market involved individuals (many of them Jews) who were protected by a wide ranging network of corruption. MI5's main police liaison officer Len Burt (later a long serving head of the Metropolitan Police Special Branch) knew that these criminals were regularly tipped off by a ring of corrupt London police officers – so much so that although a veteran policeman himself he was very concerned that intelligence about the black market should not be passed back to other senior policemen by civil servants.

Such questions must await further investigation as increasing numbers of wartime and postwar documents become available. In the meantime the present book will be a valuable addition to academic libraries and should help correct some longstanding myths about "the people's war".

One long-term issue that Dr Roodhouse touches on is the popular attitude to legality and state regulation. He points out that sections of the "lumpen poor" (Marx's term for what is often today termed the "chav" underclass) regarded stealing (and by extension black market fraud) as acceptable behaviour – since in such communities it was seen as the only way to survive. In some parts of Liverpool stealing was "normal so long as it takes place outside the individual's group". Different terms were used: "thieving" was when one stole from a shop or from wealthier folk, and was acceptable; "robbing" was unacceptable stealing from friends, neighbours or relatives within one's own community. In the Campbell Bunk area of Islington in north London, it was often unsafe for the police to operate in pursuit of thieves, since their comrades would rally round and attack the forces of law and order – a phenomenon similar to today's "no go areas". Today these are usually ethnic ghettos: during the 1940s such areas were almost all White (and only partly Irish), but their local community spirit was very different from the prevailing national attitude. In most of the country legality was still respected, and Dr Roodhouse finds that for the most part rationing and associated regulations were accepted as fair. Attitudes to officialdom postwar became more strained, as can be seen in the classic Ealing comedy films of the period such as *Passport to Pimlico* and *Whisky Galore!*

The archetypal "spiv" character portrayed in the television series *Dad's Army* truly entered British popular culture only after the war's end. Dr Roodhouse quotes a September 1945 editorial in the *News Chronicle* headlined 'Meet the Spiv':
"Londoners and other city dwellers will recognise him, so will many city magistrates – the slick, flashy, nimble-witted tough, talking sharp slang from the corner of his mouth. He is a sinister by-product of big-city civilisation – counterpart to the zoot-suited youths of America."

As they sought to challenge the post-war statist/socialist consensus, the Conservative opposition campaigned around popular opposition to continued rationing. Churchill argued in a 1949 parliamentary debate: "If you destroy a free market, you create a black market. If you make 10,000 regulations, you destroy all respect for the law."

Such arguments – which eventually developed into a Tory endorsement of the legalised spivvery of free market capitalism, in which it is now seen as perfectly normal, acceptable and even a moral duty for businessmen to be motivated solely by pursuit of maximum profit – ignored the core of the issue: national sacrifice (whether economic or military) could easily be justified if in the national interest. But what if Churchill's war had not in fact been in the national interest, rather had helped to destroy our Empire and bankrupt our Treasury?

Practically nobody in the immediate postwar years would have framed the argument in those terms, but much survey evidence amounts to a semi-conscious recognition and resentment of Britain's true position. Eventually the entire notion of state intervention to direct areas of the economy towards national interest or social "fairness" became discredited, not because of changing fashions among academic economists, but because Britons had ceased to think of themselves as belonging to a cohesive society.

Once everybody is seen as being "on the take", and your neighbour is no longer even of the same race, it becomes much harder to make a case for the necessity of sacrifice to the common good. Nationalist readers will perceive that the widespread wartime acceptance of small scale illegalities – justified as a "grey" rather than "black" market – eventually became today's surrender to a casino economy. The community's acceptance of and even enthusiasm for a state-enforced fairness, documented in detail by Dr Roodhouse, became unsustainable once political correctness decreed in its Thatcherite version that there was no such thing as "society", or in its leftist version that British identity was no longer a respectable concept.

Reviewed by Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

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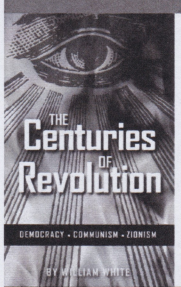

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Letters From Readers

Sir – In his *Heritage and Destiny* review of AK Chesterton's recently republished book *The New Unhappy Lords*, Ian Freeman quotes the following passage:

"It would be no great exaggeration to say that the values and nature of society have almost totally reversed in three generations. Today's society would have been seen by almost everyone in 1913, from Theodore Roosevelt, Herbert Asquith and the Kaiser to the fledgling Labour Party, and even, apart from the end of the colonial Empires, Vladimir Lenin and Leon Bronstein/Trotsky, as utterly alien and repellent in almost every detail. They would conclude that the civilization they saw at its Zenith was now decadent, doomed and in the latter stages of collapse – in which they would have undoubtedly been right. And they would be amazed that a process that took Rome centuries had occurred in a single human lifetime. Even more amazed to discover that it had happened without most of the population apparently even noticing as their world changed – or was changed – around them."

In 1913 Britain had the world's biggest navy and the landed aristocracy and the Empire were intact. But living conditions for the working people of Britain could hardly have been worse. 25% of the population lived in poverty. 15% were at subsistence level and 10% were below subsistence level. 4 million working men earned less than 30 shillings a week, which was the minimum needed to keep a wife and three kids. The 4 million women wage earners were far worse off: probably nine tenths earned less than a pound a week. The average working man lived 50 years and the average working woman 54 years. This was the "Zenith of Civilization" that was destroyed by the First World War and the subsequent demise of the British Empire.

In the 1930s AK Chesterton joined Oswald Mosley's British Union to fight against social inequality. But his nostalgia for the "good old days" of 1913 is hard to reconcile. Ian Freeman is right to distance himself from some of AK Chesterton's conclusions. He identified many of the individuals behind the Money Power and made the connection between international finance and communism.

The British Empire started to crumble when we fought the South African war on behalf of the gold and diamond mining conglomerates. It was seriously compromised when we accepted American military assistance in 1917. It was fatally undermined by the Wall St Crash of 1929 and finally ended in 1944 when we tied the pound to the dollar at Bretton Woods and placed our armed forces under NATO command. No doubt individual financiers and bankers played an important part, but the British Empire was destroyed by two world wars fought on borrowed money. With hindsight we can see that the First World War was a disaster but at the time it seemed a good idea to steal German colonies in Africa and Turkish oil in Iraq. We are still paying for the greed and stupidity of 1914. But at least we are not shelling and bombing our fellow Europeans.

Yours sincerely,

Bill Baillie, London, England

Sir – I wonder if the liberal fanaticism now legally enforced in most Western countries is responsible for the penalization of those courageous enough to speak out against such laws. Resulting in penalties if anyone expressing opinions that Liberal decides is beyond the liberal pale, (whatever that is).

So, who did start the war between the liberal West and the conservative Middle East?

Who was it that stated publicly, that he wanted to have a "war against the forces of conservatism"? Would that be the same Tony Blair, that then went on to embroil us in a pointless, illegal adventure in the Middle East. The biggest scandal out of the Iraq debacle is how much Bush (junior) and Blair and all the other toe-rags made out of it.

Here's a thought. That the extreme conservatism of the Middle East is of a direct consequence of self-righteous imperialist ambitions of the Western Liberal Establishment.

Can't they see that their interference is as unwanted as that of their grandparents?

They say that the path to hell is paved with good intentions. Well I can't think of two better examples than equality and multiculturalism. Yet wars are started and countries destroyed over concepts that are nonsensical. (Unless you happen to be stood in the middle of a ball-bearing factory.)

Freedom is choosing to do the right thing, even though you could do the wrong thing.

Is it better that ten people a year have their hands chopped off because they robbed from someone else, or is it better that we put cameras everywhere, so that no one will dare to steal or do anything else for that matter?

What is the Jewish take on the seven deadly Sins? Overrated. An enemy of Liberalism.

What was it that made the Jews (of old) sell out one of their own to the barbaric Roman Empire? Was it teachings on the evils of such things as greed and envy? Or was throwing the money and merchants out of the temples the final straw? Judas was the first member of Mossad. And they've been whispering in the ear every powerful nation ever since. To do their dirty.

Yours sincerely,

Paul Swindell, Oldham, Lancashire

Sir - On the 8th January I sat down to see my local team Manchester City win against West Ham United. 6-0. I only ever attend the odd home game and in between goals it occurred to me that support for football teams has parallels with support shown for Nationalist parties. After the first four goals the City fans around me were expecting City to score even more goals. The West Ham fans started singing even louder their loyalty to West Ham.

It's the same in nationalism. When we are winning elections like Burnley 2002, Dagenham in 2006 then the London Assembly seat 2008 and a short time later two European Parliament seats in 2009, it's all go go go. When we start winning our supporters expect us to win more and more. And now we are losing our vote just drops down to the hard core who keep singing no matter what the results.

Here in Manchester my friend stood for the BNP in a local council by-election for the Clayton and Ancoats ward in October 2013 receiving only 58 votes (3.3%). I was expecting the BNP vote to be easily double that figure. Then a short time later another seat came up in the same ward and again my friend put himself forward. The election took place on the 5th December and I was sure of an increase in votes. We had done more work this time than the last time. On election night when the vote was down to just 46 (2.7%), I was taken aback.

We had spent plenty of time chatting to voters asking them to consider voting BNP, and on our campaign trail it really brought home to me the finding of opinion polls which show just how many people are anti-immigration. One thing I did learn that no opinion poll would ever show is just how many Labour voters are racist. Easily half of them said to us they agreed with us on the immigration issue and complained about the number of blacks they see around them.

It became obvious to me that Labour could not win an election if it was not for the support they receive from their racist voters. The big problem with the Labour vote is that it's so entrenched and rock solid. Most of the Labour vote had been inherited from the past, this vote had been won by old Labour. It's worth saying here that the Labour vote does not seem to have dropped when the BNP vote was on a high back in the '00s, and maybe this was the same in the 1970s when the National Front vote was high?

Our voters today (those that have stayed with us) I believe do so largely out of respect for what we are trying to do. While out campaigning in these two local elections I was told twice by BNP voters that they will be voting for our man, but they don't think it will do any good. They simply appreciate the candidate for putting himself forward.

After many hours of working in these two elections I firmly believe that the wind has gone out of the BNP sails. People agree with stopping immigration and British jobs for British workers, but don't see us as being able to do anything about national or local issues: and what's more the number of people who said anything bad to us during these two elections I could count on one hand.

We are accepted by the public who think we are OK and like a lot of what we say. The issue is we simply have no credibility! So the big questions facing all patriots now is how do we turn this situation around, and even more to the point which branch and of which party is going to lead the way by winning local council seats again?

Yours for Race and Nation,

Austin Stonham, Manchester

Sir – All throughout history Civilizations and Empires have risen and fallen, the only difference in Western Civilization, is that it was the first to successfully encompass the whole globe. The age of discovery, exploration and industrialization was a great achievement by White Europeans that made it possible. Colonization was a concomitant of this. This is something that has benefitted mankind on the whole and made the present world possible. It was a stage on mankind's progress that had inevitably to come about. The problem is that it has now come full circle and is destroying the individual cultures of mankind. Especially, the White Europeans who are now having their countries colonised and face extinction in their own homelands whilst de-colonisation has taken place in former European Colonies. Globalisation, incidentally has also destroyed our manufacturing base as it has become uncompetitive with Chinese slave labour/Far Eastern sweat shops.

The Boers have been denied their own homeland/Self determination in the New South Africa. Over 3,000 farmers have been murdered since 1994. In 2010, prominent members of the ANC Youth League openly sang the revolutionary song of the Anti-Apartheid Movement "Kill the Farmer,shoot the Boer." The ANC was linked to the South African Communist Party headed by Joe Slovo.

Yours Sincerely,

Milton Ellis, Newtown, Wales

Sir – I have often pondered just how this race-mixing fast-sin-nation/death wish became such an "in" *zeitgeist*. I suppose even if one doesn't watch TV or imbibe the mass media, the photos on the covers of magazines at the grocery checkout counters and the preponderance of ads everywhere featuring blacks, mixed couples, or social gatherings of "diverse" mixtures plays upon the psyche of everyone. Even though the mixed couplings still constitute a small percentage of couples, in the uber lib areas such as where I live (DC Metro area) or in Hollyweird where the cultural stereotypes are set, I'd say 60% or more of the couples in the supermarts are of mixed race, so we know where the country will go (down the fallopian tubes) as the races flow into one another, so to speak. There is zip racial consciousness amongst the great majority of Whites, which "fasillytates" this sickness, and Whites make it a special point to adopt these Third Worlders to show them off to prove they are "with" the zeitgeist to their friends and associates. Keep up the great job you are doing with *Heritage and Destiny,* I wish we had a magazine of that quality Stateside.

Best Regards,

Sidney Secular, Silver Spring, Maryland

Sir – Peter Rushton's interesting and informative analysis of the Maoist splinter grouplet 'Workers' Institute' (*H&D* 58) shows to us what we can expect from these phonies if they get state power. They would fill pits with the dead murdered bodies of their critics.

This is what they did in the Soviet Union from the days of Lenin and Trotsky in 1917. The repression intensified in 1925 when Stalin got power. In Vol. II of his *Gulag* trilogy Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn quotes a statistician who said his research showed that 66,000,000 folk were slaughtered between 1925 and 1953 (when Stalin died). From 1917 to 1924 during the days of Lenin and Trotsky, 6,000,000 were murdered. That was a total of 72,000,000 done to death during the period 1917-1953.

In China sources I've read say 80,000,000 were slaughtered to bring Mao to absolute power. The exponents of Maoism justify such murderous deeds: they say they were necessary to dispose of the enemies of the proletariat.

Yet look at Stalin and Mao: see their lifestyles. Stalin had eight large mansions scattered across the more salubrious parts of the USSR. They were complete with servants, of course. In fact every time Stalin went for a vacation, a whole division of NKVD-Cheka troops went to the district to guard his life.

Mao had even more mansions than Stalin; he had ten of them, complete with staff and pretty young girls. Stalin and Mao brought new words into the language of humanity: "gulag" and "laogai". In these camps they incarcerated tens of millions of human beings. Truly they were evil men, and those who praise them up are also evil – that includes all the Maoists in Britain. I knew one, and he told me they talked about what they would do with other lefties when they got power.

Such a mindset invites violent reprisals, a sort of pre-emptive strike to defend our lives against them, yet to write such is to become hounded by the state authorities here in Britain. It seems to me they are ready to defend the deadly enemies of Britain, rather than loyal patriotic nationalists.

Yours sincerely,

Harry Mullin, Glasgow, Scotland

Sir – I understand that *Heritage & Destiny* has been contacted by some readers who say they did not receive information packs as requested after contacting the recently formed British Democratic Party. It is a fact that in any party there will be a few failures in this respect every so often, for various reasons. As chairman of the BDP, I apologise for any such failures. If any of your readers who have not received their information pack would like to contact us, via the BDP website, we will ensure any error is corrected. Many thanks.

Sincerely

Kevin Scott, BDP Chairman, Gateshead, England

Editor's note: We thank Mr Scott for taking up this matter personally. However, his reply indicates part of the problem, in that in common with many organisations and publications, the BDP assumes that prospective members are able to communicate via email and website forms. Even in 2014 there are many nationalists (especially in the older age groups) who are not online and are uncomfortable with digital communication.

Our assistant editor Peter Rushton was among the first British nationalists to highlight the great potential advantages to our cause of the internet revolution, when addressing the BNP's annual rally in 1998, at a time when few UK activists had even thought about acquiring a computer, let alone a website or an email address. Sixteen years on the pendulum has perhaps swung too far the other way, with political organisations ceasing to produce printed journals and activism now being focused on Blogs and Facebook rather than on the streets. Surely there is a happy medium to be found?

Sir – I really enjoyed Ian Freeman's review of AK Chesterton's *The New Unhappy Lords* (*H&D* 58). What a great man A.K. was. We could do with him back leading us now, as the shower we have in charge now are just awful.

Yours for Race and Nation,

Paul Williams, Leeds, Yorkshire

Movement News Update

2014 began with a parliamentary by-election in **Wythenshawe & Sale East**, a constituency which crosses the borders of Manchester and Trafford, in Nick Griffin's North West Euro-constituency. Eddy O'Sullivan was the BNP candidate, having previously fought the **Manchester Central** by-election for his party in 2012.

This was the thirteenth parliamentary by-election (in England) since the 2010 general election. The BNP has contested nine of these; the NF one; Democratic Nationalists one; and the English Democrats six.

No one expected a wonderful BNP result, even though the Manchester and Salford area has one of the last remaining viable Griffinite branches. At the 2010 general election the BNP finished fractionally ahead of UKIP here, but the respective parties' fortunes have been transformed since then.

Predictably Mr O'Sullivan finished sixth of seven candidates at the by-election, losing his deposit with 708 votes (3.0%), while UKIP's John Bickley finished runner-up with 4,301 votes (18.0%). It is a reflection of changed expectations that the few remaining BNP loyalists were probably relieved not to take an even worse hammering, while UKIP activists were disappointed, though on this form Nick Griffin has zero chance of re-election to the European Parliament when he faces North West voters again on May 22nd.

UKIP chose to target working class voters in Wythenshawe, one of the largest council housing estates in Europe, dating back to clearance of inner-city Manchester slums after World War I. Yet the result proved that their electoral appeal remained largely confined to middle class ex-Tory voters in the Sale corner of the constituency.

BNP parliamentary by-election campaigns during this Parliament have included two of the party's strongest areas in the past decade – **Barnsley** and **Rotherham** – where they managed to save their deposits. Elsewhere the party's parliamentary by-election votes have been (in chronological order): 4.5%, 2.3%, 3.0%, 1.7%, 1.9%, 2.9% and now 3.0%. (During 1974-1979 the NF's parliamentary by-election record was 11.5%, 2.4%, 2.8%, 4.6%, 6.0%, 6.6%, 1.8%, 7.3%, 5.2%, 8.2%, 3.8%, 5.7%, 3.0%, 4.7%, 6.2%, 1.9%, 4.1% and 2.3%.)

Elsewhere this year the BNP's decline was especially visible in the Heanor East ward of **Amber Valley** on January 30th. This Derbyshire seat was held by the BNP actually from 2008 to 2012, but BNP Councillor Cliff Roper was beaten into third place in 2012 and following the party's implosion it was unable even to field a candidate this year. Perhaps most surprising is that UKIP has so far failed to fill the gap – in fact there has never been a UKIP candidate in Heanor.

The BNP didn't contest any of the local council by-elections in January or February. As we have previously noted, the party now has only two councillors in the entire country: Brian Parker in Marsden ward, **Pendle**, whose seat comes up for re-election in May this year; and Cathy Duffy in East Goscote ward, **Charnwood**, who does not face re-election until next year. Since in a few months time Cllr Duffy is almost certain to find herself the last remaining BNP representative in any serious form of elected office, it was surprising to see that the BNP failed to find a candidate for Birstall Wanlip ward, Charnwood, on February 20th. As in Heanor, UKIP has so far failed to fill the gap here and had no candidate.

The English Democrats fielded one of their most experienced candidates, David Wildgoose in Arbourthorne ward, **Sheffield** on February 6th. This was the first ED campaign in the ward, a very working class district of the city: the BNP had polled 9.9% in 2010 but no longer has any local presence. Mr Wildgoose polled 75 votes (2.8%), finishing last of seven candidates. As in Wythenshawe, UKIP were distant runners-up with 18.0%, only a slight improvement on 2012.

On February 13th Terry Williams of the NF contested Kingstanding ward on **Birmingham** City Council. Due to the continuing factional chaos inside the NF, his party's name did not appear on the ballot paper, though the NF logo did. Mr Williams polled 33 votes (1.0%). Contesting the ward for the first time, UKIP finished third with 7.9%. Kingstanding is the ward that was technically "won" by the BNP's Sharon Ebanks in 2006, due to an error by the returning officer at the election count. Ms Ebanks was removed from the council by the High Court three months later.

This year the beneficiaries of Birmingham nationalism's collapse were – unusually – not UKIP but the Conservatives, whose candidate gained Kingstanding from Labour, indicating that even in 21st century politics a strong local candidate can achieve unusual swings.

In the build-up to this year's European elections, where they have a real chance of being the largest single party, UKIP have recorded further impressive gains, though their progress has been patchy, continuing to display the north-south divide that we analysed in our previous *Movement News*. On January 9th they gained Haverhill East ward, **St Edmundsbury**, polling 54% in an area of Suffolk where they already hold the county council seat. Yet a week later in Broadheath ward, **Trafford** – very much the type of northern marginal territory that will decide the next general election – they made little progress from their 2012 result, remaining in third place with 7.6%.

Terry 'Titch' Williams, NF candidate for Kingstanding ward, Birmingham, had to stand without his party name on the ballot paper due to the party's ongoing splits.

It remains the case that in most of the country UKIP – for all its faults – remains the only anti-establishment protest vote available for nationalists, since the BNP has disappeared in most of the country, while a post-Griffin nationalist alternative has yet to establish itself.

Older readers will remember several previous occasions when control of the National Front was disputed in the courts, or where two or more factions each claimed the title "National Front". Since last summer we have been back in that once familiar situation, now with the added complication of politics being legally regulated under the Political Parties, Elections and Referendums Act 2000.

West London nationalist Ian Edward is still recognised by the Electoral Commission as chairman of the NF, a position he has held since the ousting of Great Yarmouth based veteran Tom Holmes and his deputy Bernard Franklin at the end of 2009. Meanwhile Lancashire nationalist Kevin Bryan (who like Ian Edward had formerly been a BNP activist and candidate before falling out with Nick Griffin, and had served as NF deputy chairman) claims that Mr Edward resigned at a party executive meeting and that he was legitimately appointed as the new leader.

The argument revolves around interpretations of the NF constitution and of Mr Edward's intentions after storming out of an executive meeting, and has left many party activists – let alone potential nationalist voters – bewildered. It seems very unlikely that the question can be resolved in time for the NF to field candidates at this year's local elections, since under present laws any party candidate must have his nomination papers signed by the recognised nominating officer – who until he resigns or is constitutionally removed is Ian Edward, so far as the Commission is concerned.

For the time being branches in South London, Kent, Newcastle, Lancashire and Yorkshire are in the Kev Bryan camp; while West London, East London, Essex and Dorset are backing Ian Edward. The traditional NF power base in the West Midlands is poised between the two factions, and its next move could be decisive in resolving the split.

Shortly before this edition of *H&D* went to press, the dispute escalated with Ian Edward being sent a solicitor's letter demanding that he hand over control of the NF name. He refused, stating that the Kev Bryan faction had fraudulently issued official forms without his consent to allow NF candidates in Kingstanding (see above) and Todmorden (see *H&D* 58). Mr Edward confirmed that no NF candidates would be allowed to contest the May elections, which will be a particular blow to party activists in London, where there are borough elections this year.

It was in any case practically certain that the NF would not contest this year's European parliamentary elections. The newly formed British

Democratic Party will also stand aside from this contest, but Britain First – founded by Nick Griffin's former right hand man, Belfast businessman Jim Dowson – has announced that key party organiser Paul Golding will stand against Nick Griffin in the North West England region.

Mr Golding was also a former close ally of Griffin's, and served as a BNP councillor in Sevenoaks, Kent from 2009 to 2011. When Britain First was set up in the spring of 2011 it was said to be a campaigning organisation which would avoid electoral politics. Although they registered as a political party a few months later, they have continued to avoid election contests.

The announcement that Britain First intends to challenge Griffin in the North West has been viewed with cynicism by some nationalists, who suspect that at best this is motivated by personal hostility to Griffin. While there is a valid argument that nationalist voters in the North West deserve an alternative to the morally, politically and now financially bankrupt BNP chairman, there is no evidence that Britain First has any significant membership in the region, let alone the infrastructure and experience required to mount a serious campaign.

If the nationalist political party scene is confused and depressed, matters are worse in the ranks of the main quasi-nationalist street movement, the English Defence League. EDL founder Stephen Yaxley-Lennon (alias Tommy Robinson) quit in October 2013, claiming that he was turning his back on "extremism" and allying with the state-funded, anti-Islamist Quilliam Foundation. A few weeks later he admitted mortgage fraud offences, and was given an 18 month prison sentence on January 23rd.

Gábor Vona, leader of the Hungarian nationalist party Jobbik, addressed supporters at an open air rally in Hyde Park, London, on January 26th.

Both nationalist and Muslim observers were intrigued by the identity of the ex-EDL leader's co-conspirator in the £160,000 fraud: mortgage broker Deborah Rothschild, who also went to prison for 18 months after providing fake documents for clients introduced to her by Yaxley-Lennon.

While the EDL has continued to stage rallies it no longer has any meaningful existence as an organisation. Neither have any of the various EDL breakaways eventually amounted to anything. The problem is twofold: Islamophobia doesn't amount to a coherent ideology; and the type of supporters (often drawn from football gangs) who enjoy EDL marches are unwilling to engage in serious political activity. So having staged a march against a mosque – what do you do next? The EDL has never had any answer, so was always likely to have a short political shelf life.

More serious forms of political street activity have returned this year in connection with two European nationalist groups. Gábor Vona, leader of the Hungarian nationalist party Jobbik, visited London on January 26th intending to address a rally of expatriate supporters. He was forced to abandon the intended venue and speak to an open air rally in Hyde Park, after the type of anti-fascist mobilisation that used to be common in Britain but hadn't been seen for some years.

This event highlights some of the difficulties which the European Union project throws up for the establishment Left. The reason why Mr Vona was in London was the 50,000 Hungarian citizens living in the UK but eligible to vote in Hungary's elections to the European Parliament at the end of May. Jobbik is now the third largest party in Hungary, having won 17% of the vote at the 2010 general election. In 2009 they won 14.8% and three European parliamentary seats.

As *Guardian* columnist Jonathan Freedland pointed out: "Events this weekend and over the last month suggest that, when it comes to organised racism, Britain has more than its own demons to contend with. Now, in a connected world and a linked Europe, what were once foreign racisms are right here."

Jobbik is regarded by Freedland and the liberal establishment as especially objectionable because of its historical roots. The party was founded by the famous anti-communist freedom fighter Gergely Pongrátz, who as a 24 year old was one of the main leaders of the abortive Budapest revolution of 1956, crushed by Soviet tanks. As David Irving has explained in his book *Uprising*, this 1956 revolution was inevitably anti-Jewish as well as anti-Stalinist, given the fact that in Hungary there was a close overlap between communists and Jews.

Partly because of this heritage, and also due to particular differences with the Austrian Freedom Party and the Greater Romania Party, Jobbik has found it difficult to cooperate in a broad alliance of European nationalist groups. French National Front leader Marine Le Pen is trying to reconstruct this alliance, excluding both Jobbik and the explicitly national socialist Greek party Golden Dawn. Her allies in the proposed European Alliance for Freedom would be mainly the pro-Zionist, Islam-obsessed wing of European nationalism: the Austrian Freedom Party; the Flemish nationalist Vlaams Belang; the Sweden Democrats; and possibly the Dutch anti-Muslim leader Geert Wilders.

Ms Le Pen might fall between the two stools of Wilders-style ultra-Zionism and Golden Dawn's explicit anti-Jewish agenda. Her problem is that her own FN has always been a broad church, including both Catholics and pagans; former Resistance fighters and former Pétainists; former Gaullists and veterans of the OAS who tried to kill de Gaulle after he betrayed French colonists in North Africa.

In particular, two of Ms Le Pen's fellow MEPs – her father and predecessor Jean-Marie Le Pen and her rival for the party leadership Bruno Gollnisch – remain allied to harder line nationalists in the Alliance of European Nationalist Movements, which includes not only Jobbik and the BNP, but much smaller movements without parliamentary representation, such as the National Democrats in Sweden, the Republican Social Movement in Spain and Tricolour Flame in Italy.

Ms Le Pen has asked the rest of the FN to abandon these alliances and join her in the new European Alliance for Freedom, but UKIP and possibly even Wilders might find her own associations unpalatable. Yet she will surely be in a strong bargaining position after May, since the latest opinion polls suggest that the FN could come out of this year's elections as the largest party in France with 23% (a huge advance from the 6.3% achieved at the 2009 elections), ahead of the conservative UMP on 21% and the governing Socialist Party on 18%. The pro-European party Movement for Democracy presently stands at 11% in the polls, with the Left Front led by former Socialist minister Jean-Luc Mélenchon on 9%. One big advantage for Marine Le Pen is that her party is massively ahead of the French UKIP-style party – Arise the Republic – which currently polls only 2.5%.

The BNP is of course irrelevant to the issue, since it is certain to have zero MEPs after the May elections. Trying to escape from his domestic troubles, Nick Griffin travelled to Athens in January to declare his support for the embattled Golden Dawn. Given his utterly disastrous legal record, it seems almost a sick joke for Griffin to be preparing a legal brief for Golden Dawn to appeal to the European Court of Human Rights.

Nevertheless, Griffin was quite correct in his analysis to the *Daily Telegraph*: "Anywhere a genuine radical nationalist party becomes seen as a threat to the system, Europe's liberal elite says it is fine to crush it. That is wrong and dangerous."

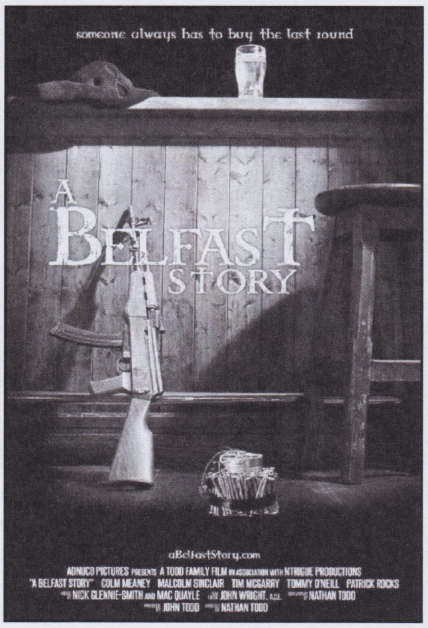
Peter Rushton, Manchester, England

Movie Review: *A Belfast Story*

Released UK – October 2013; UK distribution by Eclipse; Director Nathan Todd; running time 99 minutes; Rated 15; Released on DVD January 2014; Available now at www.amazon.co.uk or www.ebay.co.uk

Colm Meaney, who stars in this politically charged Ulster murder thriller from first-time writer-director Nathan Todd, plays his part well. However, the acting from some of his co-stars leaves a lot to be desired.

Several recent movies have tried to address the deep, unresolved tensions of contemporary Northern Ireland after more than a decade of uneasy peace, most notably Oliver Hirschbiegel's *Five Minutes of Heaven* and James Marsh's *Shadow Dancer* (reviewed in *H&D* issue 51). Ulster-born writer-director Nathan Todd attempts something similar in his debut feature, a murder mystery with political overtones, but his inexperience lets him down badly.



A Belfast Story has already earned minor notoriety in mainland Britain for its promotional press kit, which included a terrorist balaclava and nail-bomb ingredients: an ill-judged publicity stunt for an ill-conceived movie.

The reliably magnetic presence of Colm Meaney anchors Todd's low-budget production, and was no doubt instrumental in securing it a release in very few British cinemas – outside of Northern Ireland and London – in October last year. As I mentioned in the previous issue of *H&D*, I could not find even one cinema in the north-west of England showing it. So I ended up having to buy it on DVD – thank you eBay!

A compelling blend of crumple-faced charm and brooding menace, Meaney becomes more and more like an Ulster Gene Hackman with every role. But unfortunately, not even his heavyweight gravitas can save *A Belfast Story* from its weak script, sluggish pacing and one-dimensional characters. Beyond its very limited U.K. release, TV sales and home viewing formats seem the most likely outlets in overseas markets.

Tommy O'Neill, fictional First Minister of Northern Ireland in *A Belfast Story* – his real life IRA equivalent Martin McGuinness, a veteran terrorist on the streets of Londonderry, has so far only made it to Deputy First Minister.

A Belfast Story is set sometime in the near future. Although we are not told the date, I guess its meant to be around the year 2020. (New) Sinn Fein are now in power at Stormont (the home of the Northern Ireland Legislative Assembly), but again we are not told how long they have been running the country?

Meaney stars as James, no surname, the Detective, an archetypally world-weary old-timer from a Loyalist/Protestant background on the Belfast police force. On the verge of retirement, he is assigned to investigate a string of inventively violent murders of retired IRA members by a mysterious vigilante group.

Threatening to drag Ulster back to the "Troubles", the killing spree also jeopardises a new political establishment headed by Northern Ireland's new First Minister (Tommy O'Neill), who we all guess is the leader of Sinn Fein – but the "SF" words are never mentioned, and morally shady Catholic police chief (Malcolm Sinclair), both of whom are keen to whitewash their historical links to republican terrorist groups.

Over a cliché-drenched score of misty-eyed Celtic folk-rock, Meaney manfully struggles to deliver clunkingly portentous cod-poetry like "I count corpses, not causes," but his less capable co-stars come unstuck chewing through some similarly leaden lines. A smarter screenplay might also have helped distract from the cheapness of the production.

Despite boasting an experienced technical team that includes veterans of various Martin Scorsese, James Bond and Harry Potter features, *A Belfast Story* looks small and cramped. The movie makes Belfast appear to consist of just three shabby working class terraced streets, while the whole of Northern Ireland seems to be run by one politician (and his very attractive young female PA) and two or three policemen.

Which in a way is a shame, because Todd has the seeds of a potentially fascinating thriller here. The premise of a Protestant police detective assigned to protect the retired IRA bombers, one of whom killed his young daughter many years ago, might have produced the kind of tense, talk-heavy drama well served by Meaney's considerable acting chops.

There is also a great movie to be made probing the blood-soaked political landscape of contemporary Northern Ireland, and speculating how an angry new (post-sectarian) generation might tackle the current state of stalemate. However, don't hold your breath!

Rich subject matter indeed. Alas, the solution proposed by *A Belfast Story* in its belated third-act twist is highly simplistic and deeply dubious: enduring peace through a final orgy of cleansing violence.

Of course this reviewer assumed that the elderly IRA men were being "taken out" by a new Loyalist vigilante group. Perhaps to send a message or two to the Sinn Fein MLAs now running their country. However, I should have remembered what the famous Todd Blodgett (once of the Reagan White House) always told me, "never assume anything Mark, never assume."

I should also have realised, that as most Loyalist paramilitaries were almost useless at "taking out" the IRA during the Troubles (with the one exception of Johnny "Mad Dog" Adair's C. Company 2nd Battalion UFF, who were rather good at it!) why should they be any different twenty years later?

Sadly most Ulster folk who grew up with "The Troubles" on the front page of their daily newspaper will greet this bone-headed pay-off with nothing but bitter laughter. Slathered in yet more syrupy Celtic folk-rock, Todd's last clumsy flourish as the end credits roll is a thank-you credit to God. Sadly, he is not being ironic.

I know of a number of *H&D* subscribers have already gone out and bought the DVD. If you are not one of them, don't bother, and save yourself up to £15.00 as it will be on the telly by Christmas!

Reviewed by Mark Cotterill, Preston, Lancashire